

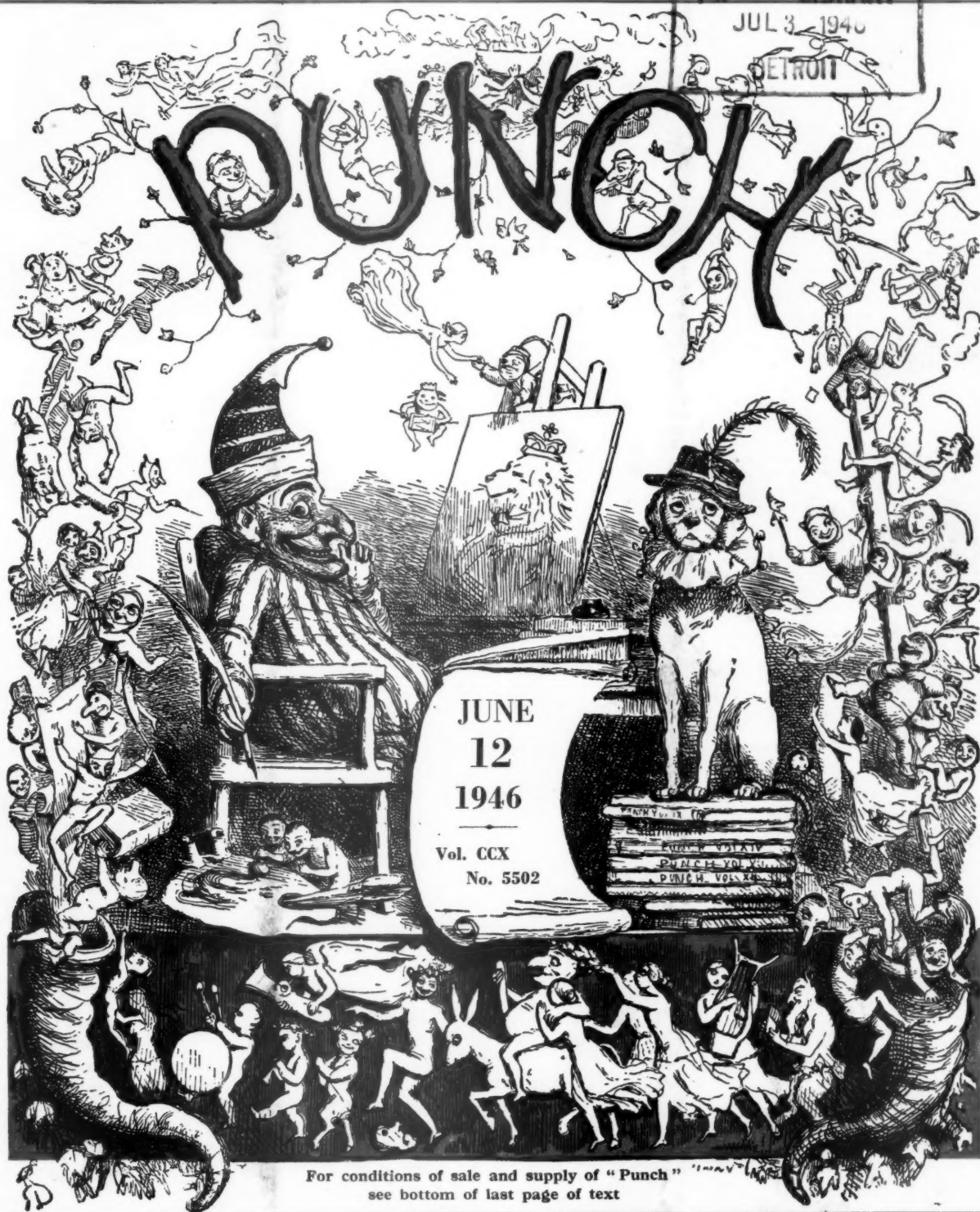
HUNTLEY & PALMERS - *the first name you think of in* **BISCUITS**

PUBLIC LIBRARY

JUL 3 1946

DETROIT

PUNCH



JUNE
12
1946

Vol. CCX
No. 5502

For conditions of sale and supply of "Punch" see bottom of last page of text





Player's Please





What Ovaltine Sleep will mean to you

- Morning Freshness**
 Taken at bedtime, 'Ovaltine' is not only conducive to sleep, it does much to ensure that refreshing sleep from which you awake bright-eyed, invigorated, feeling and looking your best.
- Renewed Energy**
 The special properties of 'Ovaltine'—derived from malt, milk and eggs—provide in the most easily digestible form, concentrated nourishment for re-building nerve-strength and reserves of energy.
- Cheerful Outlook**
 Your 'Ovaltine' sleep will give you a sense of well-being and renewed vitality which will help to sustain you to the end of the day—feeling confident, cheerful and buoyant.

P662A

Freedom!

in a **WINDAK**



When you've finished a hard day, relax in the comfort of a Windak. The Windak 'golfer' is the civilian version of our official Airborne Smock. Cut longer than the usual golf blouse, styled with clean front, roomy back and deep armholes, it fits everywhere but grips nowhere. Made from the same Windak

gaberdine used throughout the war. It is rain repellent, windproof, lightweight and tough-wearing. In brilliant peace-time colours... green, scarlet, brown, maroon, royal blue and fawn. Price 107/3d. There's also a lady's model at 75/-. Please write for name of nearest stockist to the address below.

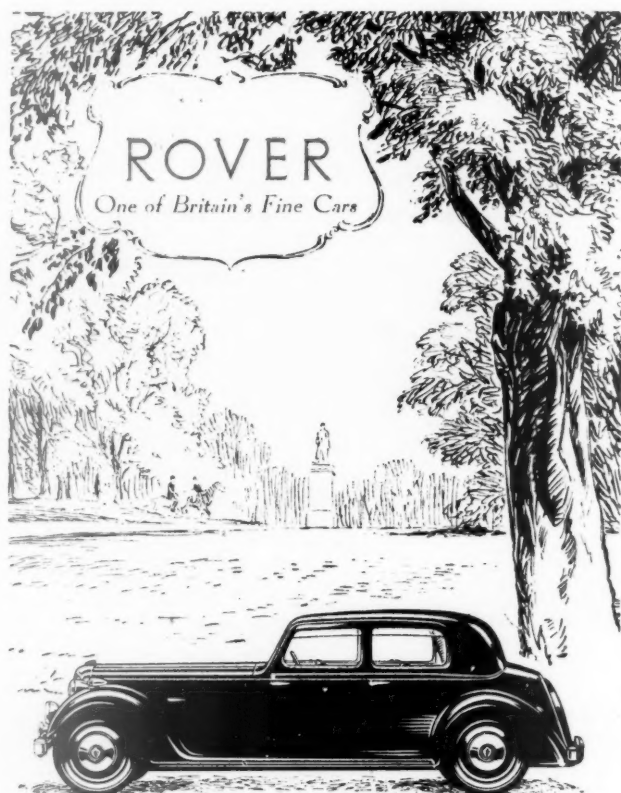
Wear a



for sport and all outdoor wear

OP.N4

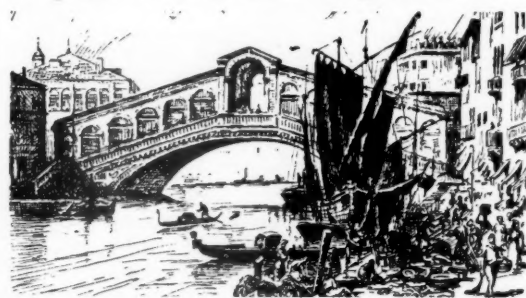
Windak Ltd., Poynton, Cheshire



The Rover Co. Ltd., Solihull, Birmingham; and Devonshire House, London CV8-43

A BOUQUET FROM ITALY

...*your remarkable organization*...



A business that has survived the changes and chances of a century and a half, to emerge "still going strong" at the end of a long and exhausting war, is obviously the product of an organization as flexible as it is sound. It gives us great pleasure to receive bouquets like this one from Italy: "A good many years have elapsed since first I opened an account with you, and I have often had cause to appreciate your remarkable organization."

W. H. SMITH & SON

NEWSAGENTS BOOKSELLERS STATIONERS PRINTERS
BOOKBINDERS ADVERTISING AGENTS LENDING LIBRARY
1500 BOOKSHOPS AND STATION BOOKSTALLS

Head Office: W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Strand House, Portugal St., London, W.C.2

WHATEVER THE SPREAD— HOVIS BREAD

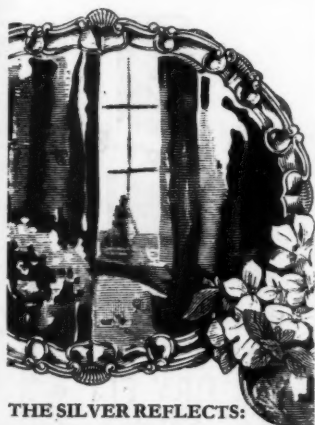


How delicious is a slice or two of HOVIS with jam, marmalade or any of the things you use on ordinary bread! Remember, the added nourishment in

HōVIS

MAKES IT A MEAL

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
Macclesfield



THE SILVER REFLECTS:

Besides the shining picture of the room that I adorn you can see in me, as in a magic mirror, a woman's loving care, her pride in her home, and her gratitude to Silvo for the gleaming beauty which it gives so carefully to her treasured silver things.

SILVO

*It glides like a bird
on a looking-glass lake;
you should use a Swan pen
for your handwriting's sake*



If the better things in life appeal to your sense of good taste and you would select a fine vermouth, choose Vamour Vermouth . . . for there is no **If** about it . . . it is the Best you can buy.

SWEET OR DRY

VERMOUTIERS (LONDON) LTD.,
IBEX HOUSE,
THE MINORIES, E.C.3



ELATION FACE POWDER . . . superfine . . . silk-sifted . . .

for those with sensitive skin. It is blended in a range of shades for all colourings, for all ensembles, and, very particularly, for the varying skin ages. Those who prefer a slightly heavier Powder will like the Dorothy Gray PORTRAIT POWDER. Still, of course, in wartime pack.

Dorothy Gray is a Registered Trade Mark



COCAINE, morphine, digitalis, strychnine and many other potent poisons . . . all death-dealing drugs yet, in proper dosage, invaluable for the relief of suffering, are locked away in the pharmacy's Poison Cupboard. Only a registered chemist is entitled to keep the key. His is the responsibility of safeguarding society in this and other ways from the abuse of these drugs — a responsibility that his record of public service well justifies. All of us rely on the chemist, and his advice is always sound.

Ask his opinion of

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE



Cmdr. Campbell's QUIZ No. 6

Q. Where does the best briar come from?
A. Algeria, Corsica, and St. Claude in France.

Q. What is snuff?

A. Powdered tobacco, inhaled by sniffing. In Queen Anne's days all fashionable people carried snuff. Nowadays it is used mostly by printers, who can't smoke at work. More snuff is sold in Fleet Street than anywhere else in Britain. But sensible printers light up a pipe of Murray's for their off-duty enjoyment.

Q. Is dark tobacco stronger than light?

A. Generally, yes. Dark tobaccos cured over open fires are too strong for most palates. Lighter kinds are cured in barns heated by flues and are too delicate to be satisfying alone. The golden and black hues in Murray's Mellow Mixture come from a blending of both kinds, giving you "body" without bite. A really comforting tobacco, for only 2/8 an ounce.

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LIMITED, BELFAST
NORTHERN IRELAND, where good tobaccos
have been skilfully blended for 100 years



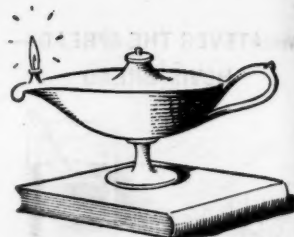
REGD.

If you buy a pair of MOCCASIN Shoes because you like the look of them, you are wise. Because MOCCASIN Shoes have the sort of good looks that are the result of good leather, good craftsmanship, and they go on looking good despite hard wear. Coupons are very well invested in MOCCASIN Shoes.



MOCCASIN TWO-PURPOSE SHOES

PADMORE & BARNES LTD., Moccasin Shoe Makers, NORTHAMPTON



"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

The modern doctor can afford to admit the limits of medical knowledge for the very reason that it is growing so fast. Take 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Science does not worry that it has not yet been able to explain precisely how the special combination found in 'Sanatogen' does its work; it is content with the fact that 'Sanatogen' does in fact revitalize exhausted nerves. Ask your chemist for a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present—
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'GENATOSAN' Product.

THERE'S ONLY ONE



WHAT EXPORTS MEAN TO US

The more we send abroad...



the more we can bring in...



Perhaps you are not in the export trade yourself, but it is important to you just the same. Exports pay for our tobacco, tea, coffee and oranges. They pay for all the cotton and nearly all the wool for our clothes. And they pay for most of the raw materials that keep our factories going. Our exports—the products of British machines and British craftsmanship—are the only way we have of paying for the things we can't produce here, on our own small

island. So be patient if we have to go short a bit longer while we get back the export trade upon which better times depend.

FILL THE SHIPS and we shall FILL THE SHOPS

Issued by the Board of Trade



This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Wigmore St. W.

June 12 1946

PUNCH or The London Charivari

A NOTEWORTHY CAMERA

by Ensign



Takes twelve $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ " or sixteen $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ " pictures.

Ensign Anastigmat F/3.5 lens;
Epsilon between-lens shutter;
back focusing;
coupled range
finder; auto-
matic film wind.

Ensign

COMMANDO

BARNET ENSIGN LTD.
Walthamstow, London, E.17



If you have any VAPEX

please make it last. If carefully used, a little goes a long way. After use the stopper should be tightly closed to avoid evaporation. Production will be resumed as soon as conditions permit

VAPEX... for Colds

A Drop on your Handkerchief

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L-1),
84 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

GREENS LTD

Cigar & Wine Merchants
87 & 88 Royal Exchange, Cornhill,
London, E.C.3

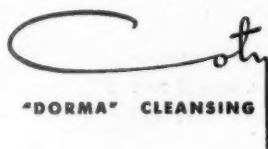
Now offer a few
SELECTED IMPORTED
JAMAICA CIGARS
"EL CARIBE"

4½ ins. long, straight shape.
Box of 25 for 70/-, post paid.



A Flower-Fresh Face in mere seconds!

Simply wipe away tired make-up with
"Dorma" Cleansing Milk. It leaves your skin
so clean, refreshed, petal-perfect for cream
and powder. Keep "Dorma" on your
dressing-table, in your office desk. 7/-



"DORMA" CLEANSING MILK



**£100
FREE
INSURANCE
AGAINST
SLIPPING**

GUARANTEED 100% NON-SLIP

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given £100 free insurance against slipping.

Sold in tins, 1/6, 3/-, 5/- and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

Furmoto non-slip FLOOR CREAM

Awarded 54 Gold Medals.

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:
FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Rd., London, S.W.9

To preserve your shoes. Polish them with
SOLITAIRE Shoe Polish de Luxe

RICHARD CRITTALL & CO. LTD
WARMING & AIR CONDITIONING

SPECIALISTS IN COOKING APPARATUS AND KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

**RICHARD
CRITTALL
FOR
CONTROLLED
WARMTH**



**'T'WILL PAY YOU
TO REMEMBER IT!**

RICHARD CRITTALL & CO. LTD
154, GREAT PORTLAND ST., W.1

SPECIALISTS IN PANEL WARMING AND ENGINEERING SERVICES





Every man has his private attitude towards his public appearance. Whether he prefers the casual or the correct, he will find at Austin Reed's that the tailoring is exact, and that the materials are excellent.

AUSTIN REED
OF REGENT STREET

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES • LONDON TEL. REGENT 6789

Monk & Glass

CUSTARD

Use it with economy
and serve the children first

Still the same high quality
Sold by all good grocers.



An open back, marking the return to brighter fashions, and vivid colour celebrating the return of Summer. Clarks combine both in "Rosella", one of their PARAKEET shoes.



Clarks of Street have retailers in nearly every town. Please choose from the styles you find available.



★ RYVITA IS NOW AVAILABLE AGAIN
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY



PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCX No. 5502

June 12 1946

Charivaria

A READER assures us that her infant's only reaction on seeing the local peace procession was to remark that the queue was being served awfully quickly.

A correspondent's complaint of having found splinters in a loaf recently is held to be practical proof that we are now definitely scraping the bottom of the barrel.



"EVENTFUL DAY IN BOMBAY
PASSES OFF WITHOUT EVENTS"
Bombay paper.

One dam nothing after
another.

The service of an Australian tennis-player is unusual in that he strikes the ball on the upward throw. If he misses it, the theory of Sir Isaac Newton is again confirmed.

A number of ex-A.R.P. wardens are to be trained as traffic policemen. They are keen to resume their old job of advising people about their lights.

An Austrian professor can make synthetic meat from wood. It is self-skewering.

The Government lost no time in appointing a successor to Sir Ben Smith. We understand there was only a small queue.

A land girl is to marry a farmer weighing nineteen stone. It is understood that the rest of the Land Army is demanding a rather less substantial gratuity.

Bouquets All Round

"Nevertheless, one is amazed that the powers that be offer no inducements to the private builder to add his quota to the shameful lack of foresight exhibited for so long in regard to the housing problem all over the country."—*Glamorgan paper.*

London detectives engaged in anti-black-market operations are said to pose as smart young men-about-town. We remember the type; they used to sell cars at the motor show.

A dog-breeder says that a fox-terrier of championship standard may fetch as much as £1,600. But of course, he adds, you have to take the rough with the smooth.

"FOR SALE, 2 Goats in kid, due for a good time."
Advt. in "Wakefield Express."

And liable to be disappointed, like all the rest of us.

We understand that picnic parties are so few and far between in these days of petrol rationing that mosquitoes are having to employ pathfinders before making their attacks.



The Man with the Pipe

The two sisters Nina and Masha are seen sitting by an open window at Gdansk on a wet day. There is a samovar on the table beside them, and outside the sodden lawn is covered with weeds. There is a sound of waves and falling fruit.

NINA. I have an irresistible desire to dance and sing. Everything is so beautiful, the sky, the trees, the flowers. Why am I so happy to-day? Even the rain is beautiful. It falls on the ground and wets the flowers and the grass, and the drops tremble on the leaves as though they were jewels. When everything is blotted out by the rain I am so happy that I almost wish I were dead.

MASHA. I always wish I were dead, Ninuska. What is the use of living? For many people have done that already, and where are they now? But I want to go to Berlin. I want to go to Teheran. I want to go to Sofia. I want excitement before I die, and everything is so dull here. Have some tea. Did you know that the Commissar is coming to-day, Ninuska?

NINA. The Commissar?

MASHA. Yes, Nicolai Pipitkin. I have always thought that you should marry Nicoluski, Ninuska. He has a thousand silk stockings which he found in Vienna. He has two hundred watches which he discovered in Warsaw. He would make you very happy. Hush, there is grandfather.

NINA. Is he drunk to-day?

MASHA. No, he stopped being drunk yesterday. He has bought a steam tractor. He is going to plough up the poppy field and sow it with sunflower seeds. He says that without a steam tractor life is petty and insignificant, but with a steam tractor the world is radiant and lovely, and nothing matters any more.

Enter ANDREI SOLEOVSKOVITCH, slapping his chest.

ANDREI. Ho, ho, ho, ho. Ho, ho, ho, ho. How happy I am. Before I understood how to start Katinka, my new steam tractor, I was the most miserable man on earth. What are you two girls doing here? Why are you so idle? I have brought Deputy Pipitkin with me. He wishes to speak to you alone, Ninuska. Come out into the garden with me, Mashuska, for a few minutes. I am going to shoot sea-gulls in the cherry orchard until it is time for dinner.

Enter PIPITKIN as they go out. He is smoking a large birch-wood pipe which he never removes from his lips when he speaks.

PIPITKIN. I love you, Nina. Can you possibly find it in your heart to love me?

NINA. I do not love anybody, Commissar. I shall never love anything except the flowers, the trees, the birds, the sky, the hills, and the rain.

PIPITKIN. Terrible! Terrible! Have you ever thought that in a thousand years we shall all be dead? I am the Chief Overseer of a Communal Farm, but in a thousand years somebody else will be the Chief Overseer. If you married me to-morrow you would be the Chief Overseeress. We could spend our honeymoon in Mongolia, Lithuania, Persia, Bulgaria, or anywhere you please. I could take you to Helsinki on my bulldozer. I could buy you carpets at Tabriz. We could climb in the Caucasus together and gather vultures' eggs. The whole world would be ours.

NINA. I am sorry, Nicolai, but it is quite impossible. I shall never marry. Have you thought how many million people in the world have married, and that every marriage is the same? Did I hear a shot in the garden?

PIPITKIN. It is only Andrei. Do you realize, Nina, that your grandfather does not really possess the steam tractor? He has mortgaged the orchard in order to receive the loan of the tractor from the State. If you do not marry me the tractor will be taken away from him.

NINA. Leave me for a few moments, Nicolai. I wish to think. *[Exit PIPITKIN, smoking hard]*

Oh, I am so miserable. The sky has become ugly, the trees are not green, the flowers have ceased to grow, even the rain is no longer wet . . .

That is as far as I have got with my new Russian play, and I should be very glad if someone would go on with it for me. Nothing would sadden me more than the feeling that the fine old school of Russian playwriting must fade out merely because the political situation of Europe has changed a little in the last forty years or so. One can perceive that almost anything might happen in this little drama of mine. In aiming at a sea-gull or a cherry-tree Andrei Soleovskovitch might hit Mashuska by mistake. Or in teaching her how to work the steam tractor he might get her mixed up with the machinery. Or a regiment of artillery might arrive. Or fourteen new characters might come in looking for a dredger or a snow-plough. Or Pipitkin might foreclose on the orchard and carry off Masha to see the new Russian world, leaving Nina and old Andrei destitute in a potting-shed, in which case old Andrei would take to drink again, feeling that life had now become petty and insignificant once more, while Nina gradually began to perceive that, in spite of human unhappiness, the grass was still green, that birds were continuing to fly, and that nothing in mortal life could really prevent the rain from being damp. They might perhaps keep a single wounded sea-gull in a cage and feed it on cherries together, or they might commit suicide, one just before and one just after the curtain falls.

There are infinite possibilities of amusement. But it needs a very good actor to play the part of Pipitkin, who, as I said before, speaks all his lines without taking his pipe out of his mouth. A large pipe. This is the real *clef* of the playlet. Put a pencil in your mouth and try over the single sentence, "We could climb the Caucasus together, and gather vultures' eggs," and you will clearly understand.

EVOE.

o o

Power-of-the-Press Corner

"RIVER DART TRIP.

SATURDAY, 18TH MAY, 1946.

Owing to a misprint in the Time-Tables, the 1 P.M. SERVICE from Dartmouth WILL NOT RUN."—*Advt. in West Country paper.*

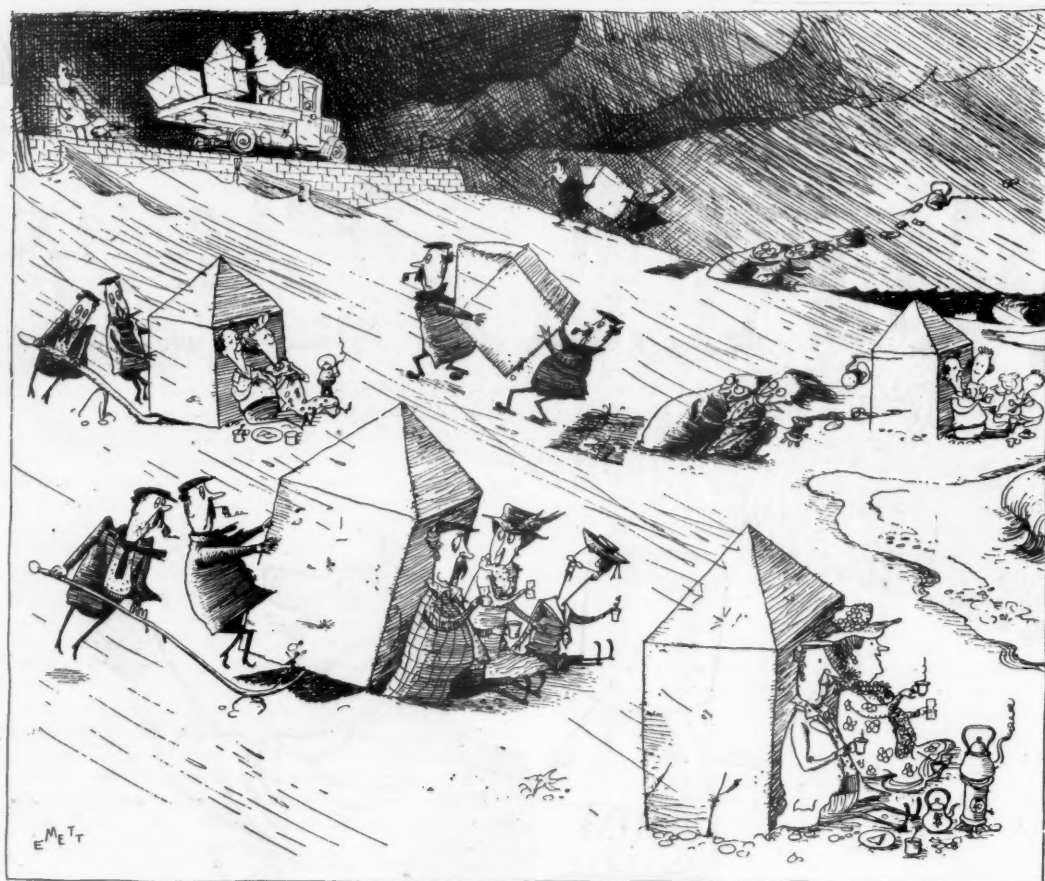
o o

Bombay Duck

" . . . Much more than a fairy story, this is suggestive of crime fiction where in the end truth and justice prevail and the criminals stand hoist with their own canard."—*Bombay paper.*



AMONG THOSE ABSENT



Nostalgia for Two

WHEN I heard the front door bell ring I could hardly believe my ears. The front door bell is out of order, as is plainly shown by a notice "Out of Order. Please Knock."

"I'm afraid the bell is out of order," I explained, leaning out of the bathroom window. "Will you please knock?"

There was a tall, well-dressed man on the threshold, wearing, as I could see when he looked up, a neat white moustache.

"It rang," he said.

"You saw the notice?" I asked. I spoke rather shortly. It is not much use putting up notices if they are to be ignored by the very first caller.

For answer he put his finger again upon the button and a shrill clamour instantly filled the house.

"Queer!" I said. "I'll come down."

He looked even taller and better-dressed seen in elevation than he had in plan.

"Good morning," I said. "I've been meaning to get that thing seen to for ages."

"It seems to be perfectly satisfactory," he said. "May I see your dust-bin?"

"Well," I said, "I don't know what sort of state—

weren't expecting—" But I led him round to the back premises all the same. People often come round here unexpectedly and make me an offer for this or that; sometimes for the house itself and sometimes just for some carpet or pillow-case they see hanging out of a window.

"Hullo!" he said. "Two dust-bins. Ouch!"

"It's that rambler," I said. "Needs cutting back. We use both bins actually, but I dare say, if we can agree on a figure—"

He explained that he was an inspector from the Ministry of Food and without more ado lifted the lid of our No. 1 bin and peered in.

Something about his attitude and the way he stirred the contents about with his stick took me back five years to the days when I was a Troop Commander.

"Aren't you General —?" I asked.

"What's this?" he said, straightening up with a half-slice of toast impaled on his walking-stick.

"Known to the troops as Swilltub Charlie?" I persisted.

"It is an offence," he said, "to throw away bread in an edible condition." But I saw his eyelids flicker and knew I could not be mistaken.

"I consider that toast to be unfit for human consumption, General," I said. "It's covered with tea-leaves."

"H'm," he said, uncovering the second bin. "Not bad."

"Thank you, sir," I said. "Is there anything else you would like to see?"

"No," he said. "No, thank you. My jurisdiction does not extend beyond the—ah—the swillbins. I must be getting along." But all the time he kept darting little wistful glances in the direction of the back door.

"If you would care to have a look at the cook—the kitchen, sir?" I suggested. "People sometimes keep a refuse-bucket under the sink which is well worth inspection. And what's more," I added, lowering my voice, "some of them aren't above burning their old bread in the boiler since this new order came out."

He couldn't resist that.

It's an extraordinary thing that though one's kitchen may be in absolutely apple-pie order for three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, one has only to take a general in to find that some fool has chosen that morning to try to dry his boots out in the oven. As soon as I saw them I began to talk very fast, drawing the General's attention to this and that object of interest on the other side of the room.

"You'll notice," I said, "that we are still using the old method of putting the kitchen-knives and forks, egg-whisk and so on all together in a drawer. Not very convenient. No immediate check on losses. But of course—"

"This is hardly my province," he began, picking up a tin-opener and rather tentatively scrutinizing it for rust.

"I am having a proper board made as soon as possible, sir," I said eagerly, "with a place for each tool or implement clearly marked in outline—"

"Shadow board, eh?" he said. "Good idea."

"Yes, sir. Then one always knows exactly where everything is, unless of course it isn't there at all, in which case a proper inquiry can be set on foot straight away. Now about this plate-rack, sir. I've indented for screws—"

But he wasn't listening. A small supernumerary had wandered into the kitchen and the General was on to his cue like a flash.

"Well, my little man," he said. "And what's your name?"

"Richard," said the boy.

"I see," said the General. "How long have you—that is, how old are you?"

"Seven and a bit," said the boy.

"I see," said the General again. He was plainly at a loss. The next question always used to be, "When did you last have a bath?" and the effort he had to make to keep it back was giving him quite a high colour. The rule for generals momentarily at a loss is to round on the nearest officer and ask him, rather sharply, whether the men are getting their leave regularly; but when I saw his head turn suddenly in my direction I determined, at whatever cost, to spare him that embarrassment.

"Richard," I said sternly, "are those your boots in the oven?"

"Tut!" said the General.

"No," said Richard. "They're yours."

Well, even generals relax occasionally, and after that we got on very well and had a glass of sherry together. He was a nice man and he spoke very kindly to me when he said good-bye.

"You've got a good show here," were his actual words. "Keep it up." Then his glance fell on my "Out of Order" notice, and I took it down.

H. F. E.

Les Lunettes de Ma Sœur

Everyday Conversation

HAVE you seen the spectacles of my sister?

No, I have not seen them.

Where did you last see them?

On the table.

On which table?

On the little table.

On which little table?

On the little table by the dining-room window, where she filled up the form.

What form?

The return of Income Tax.

No, they are not there. The form is there, but they are not there.

Are they perhaps in the bedroom?

Has she had them in the bedroom?

Yes, she has read the morning's letters there.

No, they are not in the bedroom.

She thinks perhaps they are in the airing-cupboard.

Why are her spectacles in the airing-cupboard? Is it that they are damp.

No. It is that she has written out the list of washing there.

They are not there. It is possible, however, that they are in the orchard.

One does not need spectacles in the orchard.

No, but sometimes she does the crossword puzzle of *The Times* there.

Oh.

Has she looked beneath the cushion of the chair?

Which chair?

The chair in which she has been sitting.

She has not been sitting. The woman has not come. She has not sat all the morning.

That is indeed unfortunate.

Why do you climb upon the chair?

To look if perhaps she has put them on the top shelf of the cupboard.

Why should she put them on the top shelf of the cupboard?

I do not know.

Why do you look in the oven?

She may perhaps have put them in the oven, in mistake for the weekly joint which she was trying to see.

Has she perhaps left them in the library book which went back to-day to the admirable circulating library.

It is to be hoped not.

Are they possibly in the (coal-place?
dog's bed?
bird-cage?)

I think not.

Ah, they are here.

Where?

On the table.

Which table?

The little table in the dining-room.

Where?

Underneath the form.

Which form?

The form for the return of Income Tax. C. F. S.

"Food Discomfort relieved by improved modern arch supports."
Advt. in Glasgow paper.
They prevent that sinking feeling.

Lady Addle and the Victory Pageant

Bengers, Herts, 1946

MY DEAR, DEAR READERS,
—I only hope you all enjoyed yourselves on Victory Day as much as I did. I have had a life brimful of thrilling experiences, but never, till last week, have I known the thrill that clever people like Mr. Cochran must often have felt—that of organizing a really big production like the Victory Pageant which I wrote, produced and acted in at Bengers on Saturday last.

It was somewhat regretfully that I decided against going up to London for the Victory Parade—I say “regretfully” because it is an unheard-of thing for any royal celebration in our capital to take place without a Coot, and I do not like to let London down. But though I am certainly not getting old—for I can still walk from the dining-hall to the kitchen at Bengers, which is a sharp stroll, without pausing for breath, while Mipsie is in such wonderful condition that she can, she says, pick up a £5 note from any floor without effort—yet, truth to tell, I feel, at seventy-eight, that I am approaching middle age. Addle is eighty-four, and though he still keeps himself hale and hearty by brisk walks several times a day to and from the barometer in the hall, he has, I fear, aged considerably since the cartridge famine. Such gallivantings as a day in London are no longer for us.

There remained Mipsie, as the rest of my family were already involved on their own estates. But when I suggested to her my alternative plan of staging a Victory pageant in the park at Bengers, and asked her to play a leading part, she instantly threw herself heart and soul into the scheme, asking only for her dress to be given her, to which of course I agreed. (She must have misunderstood that I wanted her as Victory, for she ordered a Snaparelli two-piece in tweed which was hardly suitable, but of course I paid both bill and coupons, and also contrived a splendid dress for the pageant out of a long damask table-cloth and a gilt filigree épergne.)

Bengers Park is so rich in vistas that it was quite a problem to choose the site for our drama, but eventually I selected a lovely sweep near the south drive, between the sewage farm and the salvage dump, with a useful bit of bog for keeping the horses’ feet silent whilst waiting “in the wings.”

Next came the writing, which was

no easy task. I wanted the pageant to be topical, yet to include some of the stirring deeds of the Addle family, such as when Sir Robert de Addle locked up his wife before he went to the Crusades, only to return and find she had come to an understanding with the locksmith. He killed them both in a great rage in the north tower. Then there was Lady Margaret McClutch, the double, in her portraits, of my own dear Margaret, who kept Cromwell’s men at bay for five days simply by looking out of the window at them. But these romantic acts were difficult to dramatize. Eventually I decided that I would incorporate the past and the present in one triumphal procession of homage to Britannia. It started, with dramatic simplicity, with an empty “stage,” as I wanted the modern note struck by drawing attention to the picturesque mountain of silvery salvage tins in the background, floodlit by all the household’s old torches lashed together. Then suddenly a herald—one of our cowmen—dashed across the scene seated on a charger gaily caparisoned in discarded black-out curtains. This last was the mowing pony, who unfortunately is unaccustomed to more than a walking pace, which meant that the herald’s words “What ho! the Queen cometh!” were somewhat drowned by an impatient crowd of horsemen, waiting in the bog, who ushered me in as Boadicea, in a milk float with cardboard blades which looked really quite alarming! After that came a magnificent array of royalty and nobility—dear Margaret looking the image of her ancestor—with the good folk of Great Bengers in picturesque peasant garb made out of dyed sandbags. There was a slight hold-up when I had a quick change from India—I had the dress for the church pageant of 1897 so it seemed a pity to waste it—into Britannia, and my breastplate just could not be found. But I sent a little page flying for some string and two dust-bin lids, which made a splendid “Stepney” corsage, so that corner was turned. Another hitch occurred when the Pilgrim Fathers misunderstood their instructions and went round by the dairy, so were late on their entrance. Otherwise everything went like clockwork till the final scene, when I had one more bad moment.

I was standing on a raised dais, in my Britannia dress, whilst the noble throng of actors and actresses had just knelt before and around me and

repeated the solemn verse which I had written for the conclusion of the pageant:

“Dear mother, here upon our bended knee
We promise to be faithful unto thee,
For pleasure, ever hand in hand
with duty,
Spells loyalty to England, Home and Beauty.”

I looked to the clump of bushes which acted as the “wings,” from which would enter the *pièce de résistance* of the afternoon: Mipsie, as Victory, leading on Peace in our Time, which was to be represented by none other than little Hirsie (Peace) seated on the shoulders of Addle (Father Time). My dear husband had only consented to play the part if he could wear his Norfolk jacket suit, but I knew the whole village would welcome him in anything or—well, anything. And Hirsie looked adorable in a snowy glass-cloth robe, with a sprig of mistletoe for an olive branch. Suddenly, to my horror, I saw that he held in his tiny hand, instead of the mistletoe, a sprig of holly, with which he was beating his grandfather’s head very hard indeed. Any minute Addle might object and the scene be ruined, for Hirsie hates to stop doing anything which he is enjoying. I signalled to Mipsie, who quickly grasped the situation and, removing Addle’s half-hunter gold watch, held it up to Hirsie and let him have the never-failing childish delight of “blowing it open.” Thus, to thunderous applause, the trio entered and the pageant ended. My brilliant sister had once more saved the day. And if I can replace the watch, which I saw her absentmindedly give to her new husband, Sir Augustus Royster, afterwards, so hadn’t the heart to demand back after all she had done, I shall have nothing but happy memories of Bengers Victory Pageant.

M. D.

A Trifle Fishy

“DRIED APRICOT JAM.—Soak a pound of dried apricots in two pints of cod water for 24 hours.”—*Recipe in Hampshire paper.*

“Recreation time is always awaited with suspense. At this hour the children are engaged in frolicking and gambling; others do acrobatic exercises while the girls take to knitting.”—*Gold Coast paper.*

Just like a race-course it must be.

The Garden

WHEN we took over our ground-floor flat we thought it very decent of the landlord to throw in the garden free of charge, laughingly adding that of course we would keep it reasonably neat and smart.

"It will be pleasant," I said to Edith, "after a long day's toil in the study to go back to nature and become a son of the soil. The front garden we will plant with flowers, so that they may gladden the eyes of passers-by and send them on their journey full of renewed hope and courage. The back garden we will devote to vegetables, which will serve the double purpose of helping to relieve the world food shortage and preventing your spending most of the summer standing in queues."

Sympson said that he would be glad to help us in the garden. His doctor had told him that he ought to take more exercise, and what exercise could be pleasanter than hoeing and weeding, digging and forking?

The first month of course I was too busy in the house to touch the garden, and the landlord called one evening and said good-humouredly that the people in the other flats were complaining about the thickness of the undergrowth, and the energy expended forcing their way through the weeds of the garden path on their way to the front door.

So we made a start. Sympson lighted a bonfire, and we were just going to pile it with dead leaves and other garden refuse when Edith brought a huge pile of rubbish from the house which she said must have first priority. It took us three evenings to dispose of this stuff, and Sympson developed lumbago and resigned. Next evening I started trying to weed the path, but the weeds went so deep that the path became pitted with pot-holes, and the people belonging to the third-floor flat sustained nasty abrasions on returning late from the cinema.

"Fond as I am of gardening," I told Edith, "I feel that it is not economic for me to do the heavy work. My time is far too valuable. I will hire a gardener. An unimaginative oaf will do. The really skilled work and all the planning I shall supervise myself."

The Labour Exchange laughed me to scorn when I asked for an oaf. "There are absolutely no gardeners available," they said. "In fact the labour shortage round this way is terrific."



"I don't think I want anything to eat, after all."

I pointed out diffidently that according to official figures there were several hundred people unemployed in the town, and that I did not want a skilled man. He said that all the unemployed men were specialists of various sorts. A cotton-spinner, as he pointed out, could hardly be expected to become a gardener at a moment's notice. Nor could a valve-grinder or a dye-blender. My heart bled for these three unfortunate men, as Munton-on-Sea is unlikely to start spinning cotton or grinding valves or even blending dyes, and so far as I could see they would remain permanently unemployed.

"You might get temporary help," the official added, "from a man on demobilization leave. As they are not

officially unemployed, these men can be employed without causing industrial chaos."

So we got hold of a man on demobilization leave who was willing to help in the garden three days a week for quite a reasonable sum. He seems to have a natural talent for gardening, and has made the place look very fine. Unfortunately his leave runs out next week, and as he is a bricklayer he will have to become officially unemployed until the council start their housing drive. Luckily some new people have taken the second-floor flat. A young, strong couple who look as if they would revel in fresh air and exercise. We are going to present them with the garden, absolutely free of charge.



"Blinkin' swindle—my summer 'oliday was a fortnight ago."

Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

XXVIII

"DO you care nothing for his welfare?" somebody asked; and Amos's reply, considering that the person referred to had once been a reviewer, was surprisingly gentle.

"I have it at heart," he said, emphasizing the last two words, "but these are days of overcrowding—it'll have to go next to the interests of the cotton trade."

* * * * *

We had been talking of hospitals and nursing, but when Amos began "Talking of hospitals—" in a peculiarly loud and defiant tone we felt sure he was about to change the subject. Sure enough, he went on "I think it will be admitted that any girl who says she will be a sister to you tends to behave in fact rather more like a matron."

* * * * *

That enormous bullet-headed man in tweeds I have mentioned before is not a frequent member of our circle, but whenever he does come he talks a great deal about the day's (or the year's) racing, and this arouses Amos's irritation if there is some other subject he wishes to discuss—as there always is. Not long ago, after blowing with impatience for some minutes, Amos asked this man when he had taken the Hippocratic Oath.

"I mean," he added earnestly, as if genuinely seeking information, "when did you place yourself irrevocably in subjection to the rule of horses?"

He seemed very pleased with this, even though the other didn't get the connection. Ever since then Amos has always unkindly referred to him as the Hippocratic Oaf.

* * * * *

"Every now and then as I listen to the radio," he said recently, "I experience a paroxysm of annoyance, remembering how many hours I have spent passively accepting, as entertainment, storms of applause not one solitary crepitation of which did I agree with. In all these years—why, by now it must have run into days and days of listening time . . . And some of it," he added gloomily, "even when unadulterated with whistles and croaks of 'Caw!'—some of it not even well reproduced."

* * * * *

"But the worst thing," he went on on this occasion, "is the comparatively modern habit, in a studio audience, of *applauding jokes*. At least two of the newspapers have discussed this recently, but I don't think either of them mentioned the correct reason. It all comes down to the basic instinct of display. Broadcasting applause is *self-applause*: the audience wants to show off."

"But they don't applaud every joke," we said.

"Precisely," he agreed good-humouredly. "And what is the constant quality in those they *do* applaud? I maintain the rule is this: they applaud what they believe to be *wit*, because they want to display their keen intelligence and show that although it's fearfully subtle *they* get it."

We looked at each other, and then Amos himself went on with a remark more than one of us had been about to make.

"Of course when there really is any wit they let it pass utterly unnoticed," he admitted, "but they have a working rule for identifying what they *believe* to be wit. *Any kind of topical reference is witty*, whether it means anything in the context or not. Thus the comedian who needs a laugh can always get one by simply mentioning a place-name that happens to be in the news. No matter whether he's been talking about fish, or mothers-in-law, or cheese, all he need do is call out 'Didcot!' or 'Stevenage!' or 'Great Missenden!' and the resulting uproar is enough to shatter one's loud-speaker. And the reason for that is—shall I tell you the reason for that?" he inquired, breaking off.

Somebody said "Will you *not*!"

"Simple. The average moron," said Amos, "thinks that humour, the sort of thing he involuntarily laughs at, comes naturally like a spark out of the air, but that wit is always and only the result of hard work. So also, by reversal, anything that seems to have been arranged and worked at must be witty. A single pun may be funny, but a bundle of puns carefully stuck together—as sometimes in 'Itma,' the poor man's *Finnegan's Wake*—is witty. So he claps it, as he would clap a weight-lifting act. A little because he's anxious to praise hard work, but more because he wants to show how clever *he* is."

* * * * *

Another time during some talk about radio Amos mentioned the Effects Department, which he observed was "always at hand to produce cataclysmic splashes or dry rattling thuds, with—respectively—ewers of water and drawers of wood."

* * * * *

It was (I must admit) during an argument about sneezing—his opponent had been maintaining that a sneeze was as immediately catching as a yawn—that Amos, after a pause, suddenly took a deep breath and began loudly, as if introducing a new chapter: "The question atishoo between us—"

R. M.

A Jazz Fan Sums Up.

I HAVE listened carefully to those broadcast discussions on the nature of jazz, the spirit of jazz, the meaning of jazz, the—on, in fact, jazz. At first it was only because the smooth dialogue had a touch of Wilde about it. "But do you not think, Cyril, that in true jazz mere egotism is delightful?" "I do indeed, Ernest; it is what fascinates us in personalities so different as Jelly Roll Morton and Willie 'Bunk' Johnson." But in time I began to see beyond the mere words. I saw right into the beating heart of jazz. It got me. It sent me. I feel I have a word to say about it myself.

What is jazz? Is it music? Is it art? Is it cricket? It is not easy to define. It is something that gets you, everyone seems agreed on that, but it is difficult to describe. It is something that sends you. It is not easy to—but let us try another approach; let us consider what jazz is not. Cyril and Ernest are constantly doing this.

Jazz is not swing, make no mistake about that. Swing is something altogether different. It gets you, but in another way; it sends you, but to a different place. It is not easy to describe swing, because swing is a—Well, you know what jive is? Jive and swing are quite distinct; jive is jitterbugging music, and you only have to see jitterbugging to know that it not only gets you and sends you but brings you back and lets you go again; and if you don't watch out you'll find yourself under a table with a broken ankle. Jazz would never treat you like that. It is too—too— Look, a band is not to be regarded as playing jazz just because men shout "Skiddly-widdly-wa-chi-cha" (much less "do-de-o-do," which is corny and repellent to jazz fans), but it may possibly be, though not necessarily, if the leader concludes each number by rasping, "Yeh, man, yeh, yeh, yeh!" into the microphone.

It is so difficult to say what jazz is that one is tempted to wonder whether it is anything more than a provider of bread-and-butter for Cyril and Ernest, or for the man who currently writes in a Chicago journal, "... your dyed-in-the-down-beat jazz-man is too involved in his own creating to figure out how to get *continued on page 94*." But it must be something more, even though nobody seems to know how much. I don't suppose Jelly Roll Morton or Willie "Bunk" Johnson could have told us what it was; they only knew that it got them and sent them. But it didn't matter much in their case, because they could have answered the question by stepping to the piano and getting some, and sending it. You and I and Cyril and Ernest can't do that; we have to keep bashing our rather high brows (for jazz-men) against the wall and fancying wit will come. The nearest we can get to bringing jazz home to people is to play a lot of scratchy, undulating old records and keep hissing at our friends, "This is the true jazz—nothing like it since Abe 'Knuckles' Pinto was playing in knee-pants." We can't even say what Pinto was playing in knee-pants; judging by the people in knee-pants we know to-day it was probably a tin kazzoo shaped like a submarine.

Drums are not at the heart of it, let me assert. That old legend about jazz being the invention of a negro called Jazzbo Brown who played the bones in a New Amsterdam honky-tonk has been discredited as an attempt to make whipping-boys out of a long line of innocent percussionists. Nor is the saxophone, whose creamy tone and syrupy swoopings are alien to the spirit of jazz (Spirit of Jazz) as anyone who understands it understands it. Try to fasten the blame on any particular type of composition and you are defeated again; an old-fashioned waltz is not jazz, nor

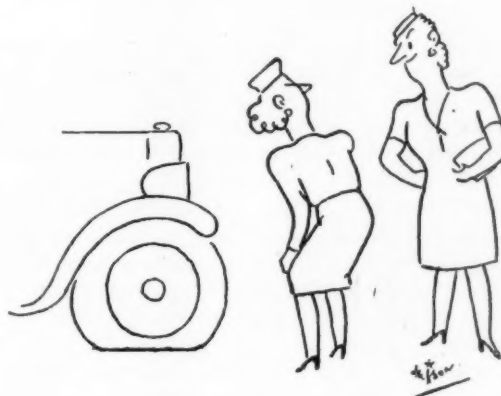
is boogie-woogie, nor the Beguine, nor the rumba or any of the other South American rhythms where all that shot is rattled about in tin boxes. No, I believe that the trumpet is at the root of it all, and the awe-stricken way Cyril and Ernest speak about those giddy whinnies and menacing growls bears me out; they bow their heads before trumpet-players. I am with them; I bow mine.

So much, then, for the nature of jazz. Now then, where did jazz begin? Unless you believe that it was born in New Orleans you will probably believe that it was born in Chicago. Or you may of course favour Harlem, New Brunswick or Pittsburgh, which respectively gave Fats Waller, James P. (not Willie "Bunk") Johnson and Earl Hines to the world. Jazz was born somewhere, depend upon it. But where? Duke Ellington (who ranks higher, even, than Earl Hines) came from Washington, but it seems likely that Washington adopted rather than begot jazz. We should try to be fair to Washington. As early as 1910 the *Chicago Defender*, a negro paper, claimed in white-and-black that jazz was a Chicago baby. If New Orleans, Harlem, New Brunswick or Pittsburgh have made similar claims I must have missed them; this is not impossible, as I have never been nearer to America than Rainbow Corner.

In Cyril's last broadcast, however, he spoke rather petulantly of Chicago jazz. "I don't care," he said, "if I never hear another bar of the stuff." It was a bad come-down, I thought, after talking so learnedly about criteria and tone-colour values; a don't-care attitude is not going to help us in our researches. We ought to care about the place where jazz was born (the Birthplace?) even if we are indifferent about the places it goes to now it's grown up, such as the Palace Ballroom, Accrington. Ernest agreed with him, however. They always do agree.

To sum up, then, jazz seems to be a mystery. It has something to say, but nobody can quite make out what. It came from somewhere, but nobody knows where, and I gather from the laments of Cyril and Ernest that it has gone back where it came from. This makes it difficult to examine it with proper care. The only certain thing about it seems to be that if you talk about it a lot and brood about it a lot it will undoubtedly get you. And send you. Just as it's got and sent me. Yeh man, yeh, yeh, yeh!

J. B. B.



"So glad to hear about your nice new flat."



"Have you any further need for your monstache, dear, now that you've been demobbed?"

The Mutineer

I HAVE handed the whole thing back to Mr. Bevin.
I can no longer direct our foreign policy
over the dinner table. Poor Mr. Morrison
must do what he can with America without my advice
propounded to the moon in the middle of the night.

Mr. Shinwell may or may not produce coal,
I will not help him. I have no views whatever
on housing, rationing, education or national insurance.
If there is a drain handy, let the world go down it.

To-day I am going to devote to my darling self.
I am going to lie on the green grass in the Park
under a pink maytree on a blue rug,
I am going to read all about Unity, the baby panda,
I am going to suck an orange through a lump of sugar,
I am going to think about the joke I made last March.

With all my heart and mind and soul
I am going to love my adorable self and not give a
thought

to the universe or the ways in which it can be saved.

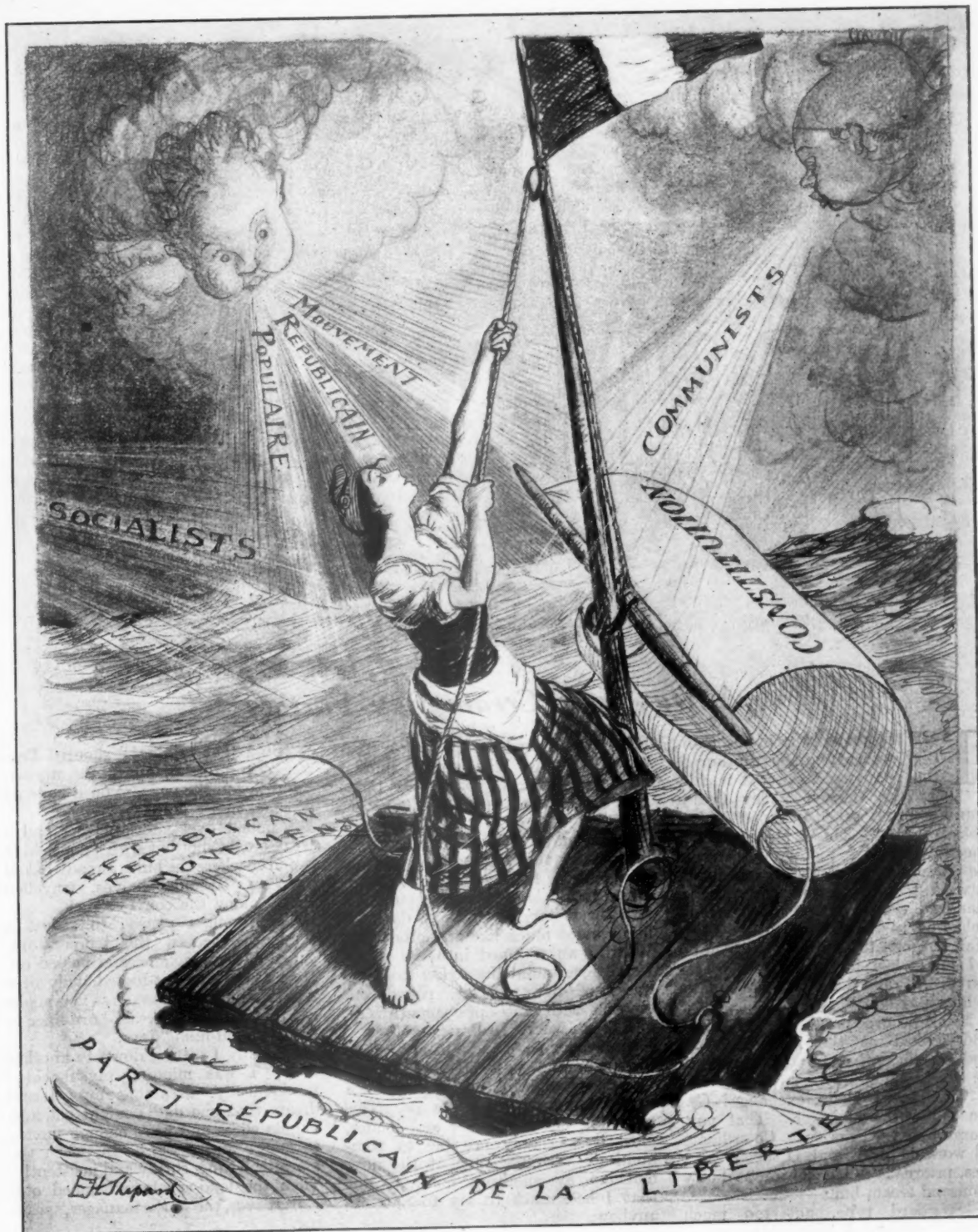
Lord Pethick-Lawrence can hand India over to the
Eskimos

for all it concerns me. What if the lads *do* miss me?

Although I have given Mr. Dalton a lot of assistance
lately

he must jolly well get on as best he may without me,
while I take that kind face of mine to look at the ducks,
while I sing myself little songs and write myself poems,
and pick myself bouquets of roses tied up in ribbon,
while I flirt with that carefree delightful old dear that is
me.

V. G.



HOISTING SAIL



"We propose to call it 'Also Ran.'"

A Day in a Cream Bun Factory

THE telephone rang in the manager's office, and Miss Sibthorpe, the secretary, answered it.

"That the Garden Valley Cream Bun Factory?" asked an expressionless voice. "Good. This is Mr. Saville, of the East Hooting Victory Celebration Co-ordination Committee, speaking. I want forty thousand cream buns, standard type, not too much cream, delivered to the East Hooting Town Hall by noon to-morrow. Can you do it? Yes; it's for our Victory Tea-party. All right? I'll be there to take delivery. Right."

Miss Sibthorpe put down the receiver and looked at the manager, who nodded efficiently. In a few moments he was bawling down a speaking-tube.

"Exchange! Hello, exchange! Get me the works manager. That you, Hargreaves? Priority! Co-ordinate all work in A, B and D sheds. . . . Yes, priority. A big contract. Forty thousand cream buns—"

"Standard type, not too much cream," prompted Miss Sibthorpe.

"—standard type, not too much cream, to be ready by eleven o'clock to-morrow for immediate delivery.

It's for the East Hooting Victory Tea-party. Yes, they'll be on night-shifts if necessary—yes. Of course. All right, Hargreaves, got that? Right, get busy."

And that was the beginning of the busiest day the Garden Valley Cream Bun Factory had ever known. To us cream-bun operatives, as we streamed into the factory at crack of dawn, it had seemed much like any other day. Wearily we tramped into the sheds, wearily we undid the string from the knees of our trousers, rinsed our mouths with antiseptic mouthwash, and began work. In Bay 26 of B shed I threw over the handle of my rotary bun-press and watched the mixture begin to feed into the pans, while a steady humming filled the air. This humming became louder and louder, until it was only possible to communicate with the man at the next machine by shouting loudly. Not that I had much to say to Sutcliffe anyhow.

"How's the missus?" I shouted.

"A bit poorly yet," answered Sutcliffe, peering at the flickering needle of the saccharometer, "she's—"

"Stop that talking!" shouted Pogson, our foreman, above the uproar, "and watch the pans. You'll have an accident in a minute."

I pulled over another lever and a jet of cream shot out with a squelching sound to where the buns, already baked and severed into halves, travelled slowly along the conveyor-belt.

The foreman paused to adjust a sprocket, checked the temperature-gauge of my machine, and passed on. He was a great flat-footed bully of a man, risen from the ranks as you might say, having been a cream-horn-filler in the old hand-filling days.

Gloomily I settled down to another day. I was minding my machine mechanically, dreaming my eternal dream that one day I might get into vanilla slices and have enough money to marry and settle down, when the alarm-bell rang, shrilly and insistently. Then the loud-speakers boomed out. Hargreaves, the works manager, speaking.

"Attention, A, B and D sheds—attention, everybody! A priority contract. Forty thousand cream buns to be ready by eleven o'clock

to-morrow morning, for immediate delivery; standard type, not too much cream. The buns are required for the East Hooting Victory Tea-party. The factory expects all operatives to give of their best. Right, get busy."

The loud-speakers were shut off. The humming rose to a scream as men dived for their machines and geared them up for a supreme effort. The sound of buns shooting out of the bun-slots into the metal containers was like machine-gun fire. Sweat poured off Sutcliffe's face as he wrestled with the knobs of his cream-pressure-gauge, adjusting the quantity of cream which was to go into each bun with all the conscientiousness of the fine workman that he was. Young Gillespie, on the other side of me, had the light of battle in his eyes.

"We'll do it, yes, we'll do it," he muttered, looking round the great roaring clanging shed that shook with the incessant pounding of the machines.

All morning it went on. We had ten-minute shifts off for lunch. No one spoke in the canteen as we munched our sandwiches and gulped our tomato-sauce. Then back to work, back to the humming, pounding, clanging, stupefying rhythm of production. We looked up occasionally at the big screen where production figures were flashed up in coloured lights. A Shed, 4,296; B Shed, 4,057. Whipped into rivalry, we worked with redoubled vigour. The atmosphere grew tense.

But by the time the two-and-a-half-minute tea-interval came it was obvious that things were not going too well. The figures for B Shed stood at 9,470 only, with seventeen spoilt buns. The loud-speakers blared again. "Attention, all foremen, A, B and D sheds! Conference in works manager's office."

Our foreman hurried past with a grave face. Five minutes later he was back again, looking more self-important than ever.

"They're going to try music, mark my words," shouted Sutcliffe. Ours is a very progressive factory. Sutcliffe was right. Another minute and Sibelius' "Valse Triste," played by a brass band in march time, blared from the loud-speakers.

Bright-eyed, noise-drugged, we worked on through the pandemonium. The production figures on the screen shot up. Eleven thousand. Twelve thousand. Fifteen thousand. The five o'clock hooters sounded, and the operatives streamed out from C shed. C shed was the chocolate éclair shed. Nobody paid any attention. The loud-speakers, interrupting the "Toreador's Song" from *Carmen*, announced that work would continue throughout the

night. Nobody even looked up from his task. We were working now like men possessed.

At seven-thirty my shift had five minutes off for soup and spoilt buns—that is, buns rejected for various defects, half-buns, or buns that had two layers of cream with bun in between. There are always a few of these, even in our factory. I looked round at the flushed, drugged faces. One or two seemed on the verge of collapse. Young Gillespie kept on muttering to himself, "Buns, buns, buns. We've got to do it. Buns, buns, buns." I tapped him on the shoulder. "Better take it easy for a bit, lad," I said. He looked up with a cry of fury. "Take it easy? My God, Clarkson, do you think—"

The hooter sounded and we ran back to our machines. Looking out of the corner of my eye at Gillespie I saw him turn white. Next moment he collapsed on the conveyor-belt, while the machine methodically pelted him with buns and covered him with cream.

"Get that man out of here!" yelled the foreman. Jack Allgood, a small wiry Geordie, rushed forward to take his place.

"Fifty buns lost there," groaned Sutcliffe.

Night fell. Twenty thousand. Fourteen hours to go. We were working quite mechanically now, blind to everything but the buns leaping from the slots, deaf to everything but the rhythm of Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony." On, on. Buns, buns, more buns. My brain seemed to contract in this mass frenzy. Buns, buns, buns, buns. Every now and then someone fainted, and a reserve ran forward to take his place.

Dawn broke. Thirty-two thousand. Four hours to go. We were losing ground. "Conference!" boomed the loud-speakers. Anxiously our foreman hurried past. Vitamin tablets were issued to all operatives. Mountain air was pumped into the sheds. On, on. Buns, more buns.

And as the eleven o'clock hooter sounded we knew that we had won through. Forty thousand went up in purple letters on the indicators. The last bun sped on its way. We broke off work to join hands and sing incoherently before we sank back exhausted. We had won through. East Hooting would get its buns. And the honour of the factory was saved.



Elevenses

"YOU and I have been born into a period of history which is nothing but an uncomfortable waiting-room," James complained, staring at his watch. "We wait while the Government plays bricks and we wait while they serve all the chaps in front with smoked cod—"

"The Shilluks are the only sensible people left," I said. "They live by the White Nile and pass the years standing on one leg with the other foot pressed against the knee."

"Things are slow on the White Nile, too?"

"James, why do you keep looking at your watch as if it was due to explode?"

"That wicked old Verjuice is about to arrive."

"You told me he was rather nice."

"Nice? The master-criminal behind every committee within twenty miles. The last man who relaxed in his company was in charge of the Girl Guides when he came to."

"He'll hardly pick on a type like you."

"On the contrary, he thinks highly of me as committee-fodder. I happen to know he's calling expressly to noble me."

"You can surely say no."

"I can't," James said miserably. "In the public interest I'm weak as water."

"I've never noticed it."

"It's terrifying. One moment a free man and the next I'll be a Sewage Visitor or the prop of the Hedging and Ditching Panel."

"It shouldn't be hard to convince him you're utterly unsuitable."

"Are you being offensive or constructive?"

"I was wondering how he'd take to the Shilluk-concept."

"He's the sort of man who runs for buses on principle. He'd hate it."

"Then why are we waiting?"

It was the work of a moment to range ourselves Shilluk-fashion on the lawn. On one leg James was all but a heron.

"It's not easy," he grumbled.

"None of life's great solutions are easy, James," I said.

"We would not have it otherwise," he replied.

A man came up the path carrying a bag. He seemed unhappy in the presence of the Shilluk-front.

"Is either of you gentlemen the householder?" he asked doubtfully.

"I am he," said James, wobbling.

"Would you be interested in a real bristle hair-brush?"

"I might," James told him. "The dean here was only saying how difficult they are to come by. Unfortunately the rules of our order forbid conversation with anyone using both feet between the hours of ten and eleven in the forenoon."

The man was struggling bravely with pardonable nonplus.

"Of course if you care to join in our simple observance," said James, giving him a winning smile, "we could talk turkey."

Reluctantly the man ranged himself beside us.

"They're only five guineas," he began, but without much heart.

"Nothing to a battleship," James said, describing a wide arc. "I take it they are guaranteed to stand up to the debilitating influence of the White Nile?"

The gate clicked again and a small figure came shyly forward.

"Mr. Bracegirdle?" it asked, peering through the pebbliest glasses.

"*Ssh!*" James reached out for his visitor's hand and pulled him into line beside him. "You know better than that, Tiploft, I know. Not till it strikes eleven!"

"Oh, but Mr. Bracegirdle, my wife is waiting. I only just came in to ask—"

"*Ssh!*" James put his finger to his nose. "Up, Tiploft, up! You will find the left leg the surer perch."

Overwhelmed with embarrassment Mr. Tiploft unsteadily obeyed.

"This is a proper rum do," muttered the hair-brush vendor.

"Apopocatepetl," I retorted. Which silenced the man, as it was meant to do. Then James gave a warning cough.

Colonel Verjuice was a majestic spectacle. He opened the gate with the firm decision of a man of affairs, and came striding up the path as if the Guards' Band was in the tomato-bed.

"Good morning, Colonel!" cried James.

"Good heavens, Bracegirdle!"

"You catch us at a slight disadvantage, Colonel. We are now in the second phase of contemplation. This is the first phalanx of a movement destined to sweep the world."

"Sweep the world, Bracegirdle?"

"This that you see is but the physical symbol of a spiritual withdrawal from the rush and welter of the machine-age. You will no doubt be

the first to observe how much we have borrowed from those wonderful people, the Spilluks."

"Shilluks!" I whispered.

"Bracegirdle!"

"Of that we are not ashamed. But our inner aims go deeper—the construction of a wall of patience behind which we can explore the fuller life. Already we have achieved a remarkable measure of control."

Here the hair-brush vendor fell heavily on to the grass, but a glare from James brought him slowly back into position. I felt it a pity that no pathologist was present to record the extraordinary strains and pressures to which the Colonel's system was obviously being subjected. He had gone a very ugly colour and was still ripening.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Verjuice?" James asked kindly.

The Colonel was taking a long, last indignant eye-ful.

"Nothing, Bracegirdle. Absolutely nothing."

As he disappeared up the lane the church clock struck eleven.

"Ah, gentlemen," said James, going purposefully towards the house. "The toast is those wonderful Swilluks."

ERIC.

Back on Gold?

IT is quite obvious that most people are bewildered by all this talk about gold. My newspaper, for instance, has been publishing photographs of men standing about outside the Stock Exchange in Throgmorton Street—dealing "on the kerb," as they say—and not one reader in a thousand has the faintest idea what it all means. A man in my train was studying one of these pictures the other day. His brows were knitted purl and plain in great concentration and he was muttering confusedly. And this man was typical, the kind of man who prides himself on his flair for citizenship and hates to be beaten by Current Affairs. He could make absolutely nothing of the little group of speculators grinning sheepishly at the cameraman. I tried to explain, but he got out unexpectedly at Purligh Junction, saying that he thought he would walk into town since it was such a cold drizzly morning. He left me very depressed.

A day or two later I took my chance and slipped into one of these huddles "on the kerb" with my notebook. There were six men in the group (the thought flashed through my mind that they were brokers and jobbers, but it



"What's happened so far?"

was difficult to say which were which) and they just stood about like men waiting for a bus. I saw no gold, not a grain; and I saw neither stock nor shares. Nothing changed hands, not even a cigarette. The conversation went something like this:

First Speculator. Family O.K.?

Second Speculator. Yes, ta. Yours?

First S. Dora's down with mumps.

Second S. Sorry to hear that. How long?

First S. Oh, something shockin'—like dewlaps.

Second S. Ha, ha, ha. That's a good one, that is.

Third S. Get anything at Missenden?

Fourth S. Not a sausage.

Third S. You didn't miss much.

Fourth S. No?

Third S. No.

There was much more in the same vein. It was difficult to realize that mighty fortunes were changing hands every minute, there and then. Everything

seemed so ordinary and normal. I formed the view that the transactions were being conducted in code. I had the impression throughout that "mumps," "Dora" and "Missenden" meant things like Kaffirs, Contango and cum-div. Once I thought I saw Dora's (or Contango's) father wince at a mention of the Capital Issues Committee, but there were really very few clues to the volume of business transacted.

After about ten minutes the group broke up. It appeared that the particular bit of kerb selected for the meeting was the pitch of an old newspaper-seller. As soon as he came along with his Final Night edition the speculators paid their pennies, grabbed their papers and disappeared. I was staggered by their coolness. In these few minutes as much as £50,000 worth of securities may have changed hands, yet every face had remained completely calm, impassive. It is like that with these gold speculators. HOD.

More Correspondence from Denmark

DEAR EDITOR,—My alarm-clock is loosing 75 minutes an hour. Does that mean it's going backwards? Yours faithfully, A. V. H.—.

REPLY. You cannot absolutely count on that. It's not all clocks which are able to go backwards. The reason might be that it gains 22 hours and 45 minutes per hour.

In the former case you may well rise after it. If f.inst. you are going to bed at 11.00 P.M. and want to get up at 7.00 A.M., you only have to set the clock at 9.00 A.M. when going to bed.

In the latter case we would advise you to apply to the watch-maker.

“JERSEY Bull for quick sale. Owner leaving.”—“Wanganui Chronicle.” Bull following?

At the Play

"AS YOU LIKE IT"
(OPEN AIR, REGENT'S PARK)

THE melancholy *Jaques* was about half an hour late with his "There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark." These couples were already in the ark, and mighty glad of it while a brute of a night did its best to sabotage Mr. ROBERT ATKINS' gallant enterprise. But to succeed in that would take more than the mere malice of the elements, for this amorous walking-tour goes very well among the privets and laurels of the Office of Works whether tented or not. And although a depleted Zoo failed in its pre-war office of confirming the sporting amenities of the Forest of Arden we were soon translated to its antic dukeries by the sprightly conceits of their courtiers and by a set of rustics straight from the pages of Hardy.

Once in disguise Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT as *Rosalind* more than made up for a rather slow start. Her conduct of the sylvan marriage - bureau, ably assisted by Miss MARY HONER as *Celia*, was gay and dexterous and her wooing of *Orlando* charming. Mr. JOHN BYRON's response was not quite of the same calibre; he gave *Orlando* grace but insufficient fire. Mr. DAVID READ scored heavily as a cadaverous and brooding *Jaques* who contrived to sound as well as look like a philosopher in exile, and even brought freshness to "All the world's a stage," which is saying much. As *Touchstone*, Mr. RICHARD LITTLEDALE mixed sophistication and foolery lightly, and as the banished *Duke* Mr. DESMOND LLEWELYN made a host worthy of such entertaining guests. All in all a good production; and made the more attractive in this enlightened era of sound recording, I cannot refrain from saying, by having real fiddles played by real people—hiding in real bushes.

"PORTRAIT IN BLACK" (PICCADILLY)

This is a good example of the slick play which, smoothly acted, gains a

certain crude effect in the theatre, but which cannot bear any intelligent examination without coming to pieces in the hand. Its characters are automata, as free of any moral sense as of any recognizable human feelings, and they inhabit a world where the scales of values are printed upside down. A widow (Miss DIANA WYN-YARD) of a shipping magnate has just collaborated in his murder with her lover, a doctor (Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS), apparently through sheer ill-mannered impatience, since he was anyway about

unreal, making no demands either on our minds or our emotions; but that its artificial tenseness is likely to please sufficient playgoers was suggested by a little Gallup-listening on the way out. The principals, whose acting is polished and to whose names I would add that of Miss ANN LEON as the stepdaughter, deserves something better. In particular Mr. RONALD SQUIRE, whose special gift of irony is thrown away. He produced.

"YOU WON'T NEED THE HALO"
(ARTS)

The mission hall where Father had earned so much civic credit by disbursing a stern and noisy revivalism turns out to have been a popular port of call with burglars, who had only to bawl a hymn or two with moistened eye before unloading their diamonds safely in the anteroom. Father, in fact, had been a fence in a big way, a criminal of imagination, and the arrival during the first act of a neat packet from an absent member of his flock gives us a clue which we are quicker to take than *David*, his decent but somewhat simple son, with whose naïve struggles to inject Christian tolerance into the direction of the mission Mr. W. P. TEMPLETON's play is mainly concerned. The public disintegration of Father's halo is reserved nearly to the end, by which time the young man is quite distracted, what with a mother who sees eye-to-eye with the late Lord Curzon about the proletariat, an uncle who shows signs of having

at some earlier period of his life been dropped on his head, a Communist chum, a lay-reader with the spiritual attributes of a human flame-thrower, and a poor-little-rich-girl slumming for fun who succeeds without visible difficulty in seducing *David's* fashionable brother. The first act is promising, but the play tails off into a series of episodes which, though some have poignancy and some a lively humour, are unproductive of any new or dominant idea. Mr. SIMON LACK plays *David* with sincerity but a little tamely, Miss LEUEEN MACGRATH makes a tidy vamp and as the embittered young man Mr. JOHN SLATER has the best lines and uses them well. ERIC.



THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES A QUICK CURE.

Dr. Philip Graham Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS
Rupert Marlowe Mr. RONALD SQUIRE
Tanis Talbot Miss DIANA WYN-YARD

to die. An ex-lover (Mr. RONALD SQUIRE) is now anxious to marry her; and as he seems to suspect the manner of her husband's death and may well be the author of anonymous letters the widow is receiving the doctor bumps him off, with a casualness only matched by that subsequently shown by the San Francisco police. The murderers then grow very sorry for themselves, and driven by a stepdaughter's partial discovery of their crime and by a further twist which must remain the secret of Mr. IVAN GOFF and Mr. BEN ROBERTS, they take their leave in order to indulge in a highly spectacular joint-suicide. It is all hard, glossy, and extraordinarily

Caprice

GAY little fingers
Sparkle on the keyboard.
How the echo lingers!
(Never think of me bored!)
Black notes, white notes,
That chord and this chord,
Wrong notes, right notes,
Harmony and discord,
Rise to a *fortissimo*
Like the bells of Bedlam.
Carry on, carissimo!
Never you soft-pedal 'em!
And you'll be glad
When I've gone mad.

Eager virtuoso,
Has practice never swamped you?
How can you compose so
Endless an impromptu?
Must you sweep glissandos
That would make a rock turn?
Can't you let a man doze
Through a gentle nocturne?
Heedless if I jib at 'em,
Cadenza and chorale
Bang away *ad libitum*
To your grand finale!
It's not so bad
Now I've gone mad.

At the Ballet

"KHADRA" (SADLER'S WELLS)

SADLER'S WELLS Opera-Ballet—or Sadler's Wells Junior, as one might call it—is giving new choreographers and designers a chance to show what they can do. ANDRÉE HOWARD'S *Assembly Ball* was produced the other week, and now we have *Khadra*, a ballet by CELIA FRANCA of Sadler's Wells Senior, to music by SIBELIUS and costumes and setting designed by another clever newcomer, HONOR FROST.

The ballet has no story. *Khadra* is a maiden who lives in a dream-world of her own and sees the real world around her from the ivory tower of childhood. She looks into an old man's story-book, and as he turns the pages the pictures come to life. She sees lovers, musicians, young men and ladies with flowers, and she joins in their dances. When night falls she departs. That is all. This slender theme is embellished with sparkling solos for *Khadra* (SHEILAH O'REILLY), a charming *pas de deux* for the lovers (ANNE HEATON and LEO KERSLEY) and some very effective tableaux and ensembles.

It has been CELIA FRANCA'S fate as a dancer, probably because her striking

dark beauty lends itself to such characters, to be cast for a series of sinister or feline rôles—that of the Queen in *Hamlet*, for instance, and the Prostitute in *Miracle in the Gorbals*. In *Khadra* she reveals herself as a choreographer of charm and intelligence, with a feeling for clear design and crisp movement.

The colourful setting and costumes accord well with the Oriental flavour of SIBELIUS' incidental music to *Belshazzar's Feast*. HONOR FROST has gone for inspiration to Persian paintings and shows us brilliant-hued costumes set against a background of pink with trees and a large red bird, a bright-blue balustrade and a dark-green dado with stylized flowers. There is, however, one weak costume which causes an important effect to fall flat. The costume is that of the old man with the story-book, who is the central figure in the ballet, though a passive one (like the spectator in *Nocturne*). He appears in front of the

footlights before the curtain goes up, looking like a bath-attendant who has strayed there by mistake. His white turban and the striped towel round his neck add to his comic aspect, and one half expects to see a cloud of steam issue in his wake from the gap in the curtain when he emerges. When the curtain goes up to reveal a Persian picture the reason for his appearance becomes plain, but he needs a much more important costume if his first entrance is to achieve the effect intended.

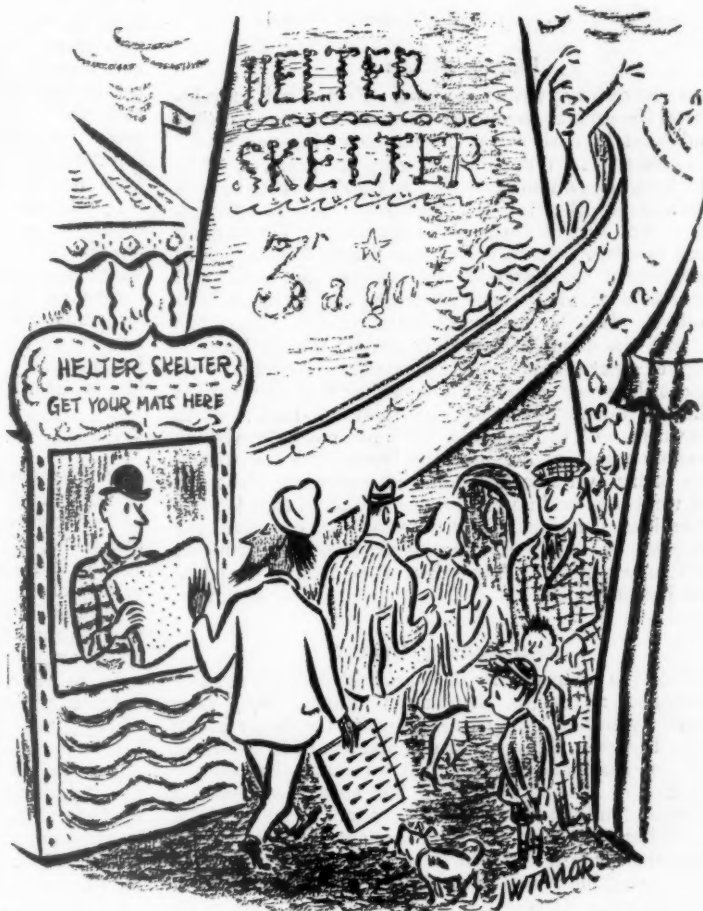
D. C. B.

Unrivalled Opportunity

"FREE—Two colliery dirt heaps. Apply . . ."—*Advt. in Lancs. paper.*

"The narrow ladder of the educational system as it was is moving steadily towards the broad highway which the Act of 1944 sketched for us."—*"Education."*

Well, we hope there's a man carrying a red flag in front of it.





"I still think we should have waited until it was full."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Flora's Riches

POETS have always sung gardens. Even Virgil, in mid-career on the greater theme of agriculture, announced that he had "not been silent on the late-flowering narcissus." Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST, following up her poem on "The Land" by a companion-piece on *The Garden* (JOSEPH, 8/6), is part and parcel of a great tradition. Hers is a flower-garden. You do not "stumble on melons." Yet some of us keep the warmest corner of our hearts for the *jardin potager*, where the pyramid pears jostle the roses, and flowers shade off, via herbs like rampion and marigold, into vegetables. This is an aristocratic garden where the teazle and the dandelion are only weeds; though there is a hedge of cherry-plums, and a particularly well-kept one. The poet, however, is far from insisting that her garden should be yours. "Dare th' unorthodox. Be prince in your own realm," she counsels. She has not only wedded the supple magic of her narrative verse and the wistful beauty of her lyrics to her skill and enthusiasm; she has linked what is so often a recluse pastime to all that is most vivid without her walls. Her tulips are her own, and the Dutch *genre* painters'. Her azaleas waft their gratitude to Himalayan explorers. Altogether a singularly complete and enchanting book.

H. P. E.

Bishop Hensley Henson

Most of the addresses in *Bishoprick Papers* (GEOFFREY CUMBERLEGE : OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 16/-) were delivered by Bishop HENSLEY HENSON to the clergy in the Durham Diocese. A stout-hearted opponent of Erastianism on the one hand and ecclesiastical totalitarianism on the other, Bishop HENSLEY HENSON has always represented that blend of individualism and respect for precedent which distinguishes the English temperament and gives its peculiar character to the Church of England. As early as Magna Carta, he points out, the "Ecclesia Anglicana" existed, if not in its post-Reformation form, at least as an

institution which had to defend itself against the crusade initiated on King John's behalf by the Pope. In another address Bishop HENSLEY HENSON makes it clear that he does not conceive of Christendom as a "Federation of independently organized communities . . . but as a single visible and ordered Fellowship." This unity, however, he does not believe can be achieved under the autocracy of any one church; and he therefore views with mistrust the inspiration which the "Anglo-Catholic Movement" draws from the Counter-Reformation: "Not the Mediæval Church, still less the Primitive Church, least of all the Church of England, whether Laudian or Tractarian, but the Counter-Reformation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been the armoury from which the 'Anglo-Catholics' have drawn their weapons of war." A Tory, but not an obscurantist or a reactionary, Bishop HENSLEY HENSON brings to every subject of which he treats much of the lucidity and directness he admires in Dean Swift. H. K.

Misunderstandings

Languages as a means of international communication are not likely to be well taught until Joubert's sound maxim "educate for forty" means more to parents and pedagogues than youthful prowess in examinations. Yet there will be little peace for anybody until the question of *Language as a Social and Political Factor in Europe* (FABER, 12/6) is threshed out. There are forty separate languages in Europe and every one is a potent element of amity or hate—as the Italians so aptly demonstrated when they substituted *Acqua Calda* for *Warmes Wasser* on all the hot taps in the South Tyrol. Mr. STANLEY RUNDLE, perceiving that linguistic problems are vitally bound up with the complicated aspirations of states, nations and races, has posed the language problem in general; given full details of the existing situation in Europe—where only Iceland and Portugal have no linguistic minorities; and surveyed the palliatives already suggested. He is not eager to see an existing language become a universal auxiliary; though Latin fulfilled this office for a thousand years, *lingua franca* had its points, and French has strong claims on the succession. Among artificial auxiliaries, Esperanto receives his well-considered blessing and Basic English an equally well-considered malediction. His book is pleasantly readable, highly stimulating and of the first importance. Its lack of index is unforgivable. H. P. E.

The English Village

In *The Anatomy of the Village* (PENGUIN BOOKS : HARMONDSWORTH, 2/6) Mr. THOMAS SHARP gives a very clear and interesting account, illustrated with many photographs and plans, of the English village as it has been in the past, and as it may be in the future if it is developed along certain lines. The standpoint from which Mr. SHARP writes is summed up in: "Respect for tradition is an excellent thing, provided that the tradition respected is a genuine living tradition." The siting of a village, he points out, used to be conditioned by such factors as the need for defence against wandering marauders or the desirability of being near a spring or stream. In these days of rocket bombs and improved water supply, other factors enter in. After dealing with the two main types of inland village, the "roadside" and the "squared," and the many intermediate varieties, containing a mixture of both types, Mr. SHARP comes to the seaside village, which, he says, was characterized until quite recently by its desire to get as far from the sea as possible, or at any rate to huddle itself together in narrow tortuous streets for mutual warmth and

shelter. In the second part of his survey he examines the village of the future under three main headings: its social requirements, the most important of which is that the inhabitants should follow a variety of occupations; the arrangements of its houses; and their architectural character, with which is connected the proper use of the open spaces within the village.

H. K.

Cream of Coppard

The twenty pieces gathered in *Selected Tales* (CAPE, 9/6) fairly represent the range of Mr. A. E. COPPARD's best work. He is a master of the imaginative short story which draws its strength not from tricks of surprise but from sheer originality of phrase and idea and a magnificent palate for the oddities of human character. James Stephens is in the same country, but of the two COPPARD is the more robust. Few writers can have said so much about life in so short a space as he does in "Nixey's Harlequin," that classic report of a charabanc trip to London by a girl's twenty-two lovers to attend an inquiry into her death, and of their convivial return. In the same vein of irony is "Silver Circus," in which a Viennese porter, hired to play the part of a tiger, swallows his terror on discovering his adversary the lion to be none other than his wife's lover, whom to the great joy of the public he takes the opportunity of slaying. "Purl and Plain" shows a quieter but no less dangerous COPPARD: a priest and a curate sit talking in a parlour waiting to give official welcome to a baby being born upstairs, its sex to decide its church. Of the country stories here "The Higgler" is hard to beat, a simple but exquisite account of how an egg-merchant married the wrong girl and found out too late about the right one. And typical of COPPARD's sly humour is "Abel Staple Disapproves," in which a husband and a brother dispute in a pub the terms of a dead woman's memorial notice.

E. O. D. K.

"Balletosanity"

Mr. GEORGE BORODIN has experienced a serious call to testify about *This Thing Called Ballet* (MACDONALD, 15/-). He is a Russian but makes no claim that Russians have any unique transcendent gift for the design, performance or understanding of the dance—though temperamentally drawn to it. He knew the Imperial Ballet before the Diaghilev revolt; followed with enthusiasm the superb work of that co-ordinator of genius, and with sorrow its declension in the unbridled quest for modernity; sees, too, much promise in the work being done here at Sadler's Wells because based upon an established school and rigorous technical training—the lack of which led, he thinks, to the schisms and decline of De Basil's *Ballets Russes*. He is a well-instructed musician and (significantly, as he thinks) a doctor. Balletosanity against Balletomania is his demand. Beware the critics, he says in effect. They darken counsel with their polysyllables. "This Thing" is, in fact, quite simple. Look, listen, feel. Ballet is fantasy, the stuff of dreams. So far from being sophisticated it is terribly primitive, development (as like as not) of the ritual dance of (quite possibly) pre-Cromagnon man. Therefore, leave it all to your Unconscious. It is not to be supposed, however, that this book is just one more airy flight from reason. There are interesting glimpses of history, perceptive appreciations of individual ballets and dancers, good criticism, whether by the Unconscious for the Unconscious or not it is not tactful to inquire. And all is informed by an honest desire to be helpful to the discouraged lowbrow.

J. P. T.

Something New

The PL Book of American Short Stories (POETRY LONDON, 8/6), edited by Mr. NICHOLAS MOORE, is described on its jacket as being the first fully representative collection of American short stories to be published in this country. With a few exceptions this is a raggedy collection of sketches. Some begin with a thud, nearly all sag in the middle, and most end with a pomposity that does not hide the lack of conclusion. The simplest of them are the best, and among these are Sherwood Anderson's "I'm a Fool," Morley Callaghan's touching little story about a Catholic priest's visit to a sick woman, Kay Boyle's sketch of a child in need of comfort, Katharine Anne Porter's tale of a criminal lunatic who made his employers happy, and Ben Hecht's really wonderful story, "The Little Candle," which gives as good a study of the spirit of the Jews in despair—"an ancient wound in our souls opened, and manhood, won through centuries of patience and struggle, drained from our depths"—as can have been written. In it we have beauty and irony and understanding. It begins with certainty, is beautifully written, ends with a snap and is worthy of better companions.

B. E. B.

Willow the King

To the Wicket (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) is the second cricket book we owe to Mr. DUDLEY CAREW, who travelled the country in the period between the wars as special cricket correspondent for *The Times*. Mr. CAREW declares early that there are few more enjoyable ways of spending summer than travelling briskly about the country from one cricket ground to another. And he writes as though he loved it. Like Mrs. Battle, he is all for the rigour of the game. He is inclined to prefer the northern grounds, gloomy as many of them are with factory smoke drifting across the sky, to the sunny amenity of Kent or Sussex. It is in the northern counties, he maintains, that you get the right spirit. His book deals with the championship counties one by one, the eight more important being allowed a chapter apiece, the ruck being accommodated, so to speak, three in a bed. Mr. CAREW has many happy phrases, and the great merit of recognizing that it is hard to tell from the pavilion or the Press box exactly what is happening "in the middle." This is a good cricket book, rather of the Neville Cardus type; but Mr. CAREW might look more carefully to his spelling—or his proofs. "Insidious," "portentious," "calvanistic," with other monstrosities, too often blot his page.

L. W.



"Betty's murdering Beethoven in the drawing-room."



"I popped the lunch in somewhere and now I can't find it, M'm."

Slingsby and the Reeking Tube

"SLINGSBY," I said, "what on earth are you doing in here?" Slingsby is admittedly rather unpredictable, but I would have laid almost any odds against meeting him at my gunmaker's. At Oxford in the late twenties he shot a minor poet (not the one he was aiming at, but his second) in the foot with a Spanish duelling-pistol; but there, I had always understood, Slingsby's connection with bloodsports and firearms had begun and ended.

Slingsby, who had been flourishing somebody's Mannlicher .275 in an aimless and unprofessional way, put it into the umbrella-stand, muzzle downwards, and replied: "I doubt if you would understand."

He then, with an air of dissembling, bought six pigeon-calls (which he made them put down on my account), and after I had done my business we went out into South Audley Street together.

"Slingsby," I said, "what were you doing in there? Come clean."

"If you must know," answered Slingsby, "I was collecting atmosphere."

Most of Slingsby's friends periodically get very angry with people who hunt or shoot, and I supposed that his researches were connected with some forthcoming exposure of our beastly ways in one of the more progressive periodicals.

"If you want to nationalize grouse," I said, "you'll have to look sharp. There practically aren't any left."

"Grouse!" exclaimed Slingsby, snorting like an ox. "What should I want with grouse?"

"Some nice red wine," I said. "But seriously, Slingsby, what were you collecting atmosphere in aid of? I will buy you a drink if you will tell me."

Slingsby perked up considerably and sounded a short decorous blast on one

of his pigeon-calls, in the manner of a man clearing his throat.

"I am looking into the armaments industry," he began. "I journeyed yesterday to Woolwich, where I was refused admittance to the Royal Arsenal, although I explained that all I wanted to do was to look over some guns which I required for my own purposes. They said that if that was all I wanted to do I should try a gunsmith's and—since I had heard you speak of yours—I went to them this morning. It's perfectly simple. That large building over there," he added, taking me by the elbow, "is the Ritz Hotel. It has at least one excellent bar."

"Come off it, Slingsby," I said, "and tell me *why* you are looking into the armaments industry."

Slingsby sighed and lengthened his stride.

"Cast back your mind, as you probably call it," he said, "to the 'twenties

and 'thirties of this century and try to recall the dominant *motifs* of the best, by which I mean the most advanced, contemporary literature. Conspicuous among these was the iniquity of manufacturing arms. No satire, no allegory, whether in verse, in prose or on the stage, but dwelt upon this theme *in extenso*, and the loathsome figure of the armaments manufacturer, or arms king, bestrides the literature of the day like a colossus. You're not a member here, are you?" asked Slingsby wistfully as we passed White's.

"No. Keep moving."

"It is difficult," continued Slingsby, to whom the sound of his own voice is always an anodyne against disappointment, "to overestimate the value of the armaments manufacturer to writers of the *avant-garde*. As a stock villain he was in the same class as were, in their day and of course on a lower intellectual plane, the wicked baronet and the sinister Oriental. He was detestable, topical, symbolic and wonderfully easy to portray. He was a gold mine."

"I see what you mean," I said.

"Very well, then. You can presumably also see how serious a loss we all suffered when the war came. The manufacture of arms became, almost overnight, a patriotic and a noble calling and all ranks of the industry earned the gratitude and respect of their fellow-countrymen. You might compare the position in 1939 of writers like—well, like myself and Hilary Bude with the position of music-hall comedians to-day were they suddenly to discover that rationing was regarded by their audiences as a popular and rather solemn institution. But of course he'll come back."

"Who'll come back?"

"The arms king," said Slingsby. "He's absolutely bound to. I can't explain why, exactly, but you'll see that I'm right. During the war they made a film about the man who invented the Spitfire, didn't they? You can't tell me that any film company would even consider a theme like that to-day. No, no. The pendulum is swinging down again. What's more,"

cried Slingsby, growing suddenly vehement, "no self-respecting literary movement ought to drop its old villains like that. It *looks* so bad."

"If it comes to that," I said, "what about the wicked landlord? If you're thinking of reviving him you might remember what I said just now about the grouse, because—"

But Slingsby, quivering like a pointer, had stopped in his tracks.

"What a strange coincidence," he exclaimed, "that our conversation about arms kings should have ended precisely at this spot."

And without more ado the volatile fellow precipitated himself into the saloon bar of a public-house called the King's Arms. P. F.

o o

"His Lordship said he wanted to know whether he would be in order in moving that corporal punishment in schools should be restricted to the headmaster."

"The Haddingtonshire Courier."

Smith minor seconds that.

o o

Interlude at the Organ

THE organ at the Saraband
Was played by Edwin Griffiths
and

The one at the Semiticus—
Just up the road and round the bend—
Was played by his devoted friend
Thos. Moses George Leviticus.

And every day would see these two,
Bathed in a light of deepest blue,
Red, ginger, green or yellow,
Play to an audience zippy bits
From all the very latest hits
By Bach, Brahms or Novello.

As each was praising his machine
One day, the argument grew keen
And fancy's flights grew flightier.
I have to mention this because
The bone of their contention was
Which organ was the mightier.

Said Edwin: "You just ought to hear
Me play the 'Rosenkavalier'
Allegro moderato,
With horns and trumpets at full
swell,
A tambourine, a fireman's bell
And tuba *obbligato*."

Said Thos.: "That's nothing. When
I played
A bit of Schubert's 'Serenade'
Arranged as a valeta
The trombones were so powerful that
They blew away a lady's hat
Which fused the electric heater."

"Oh, yeah?" said Edwin. "Well, we
must
Try out the two of them, or bust.
Let's have no more excuses.
I have an instrument which tells
The quantity of decibels
A Wurlitzer produces."

"To-morrow morning I will bring
This very useful little thing
And put it to the test;
And if it turns out any good
The answers that it gives us should
Be full of interest."

And thus next day at half-past ten
These two misguided gentlemen
Assembled for the fun.
(They had already tossed to show
Which of the two should have first go;
And Edwin G. had won.)

So, seated at the console, he
Said "I will play a potpourri
Of operatic treasures.
Of these the greater part by far
Will be the works of Wagner R.,
A man of no half-measures."

He started with a dainty blast
Upon the foghorn; but at last
He got into a frenzy
And gave a lively exhibition
Of brass and drums in his rendition
Of excerpts from "Rienzi."

The organ brayed and blew and
blared;
The building shook—he nothing
cared
For such a small vexation . . .
But, at the climax of the din,
The theatre's roof and walls fell in
Because of the vibration.

It only now remains to say
They buried them the following day
Deep in a greenwood glade.
And gentle breezes softly sigh
Around the tomb wherein they lie
Beneath an elm tree's shade.

Macbeth on his Native Heath

THE other day I was privileged to see a line from an Afrikaans version of *Hamlet*. (One line at a time is about all anyone can stand, it is strong stuff.) Instead of saying "I am thy father's spirit," the ghost says, "Omelet, Omelet, Ek bin die spook van yulle pa."

If the rest of the play is like that I am all in favour of as many Afrikaans versions as South Africa can turn out. But what I really want most of all is a Scots version of *Macbeth*. I believe it was Mr. Orson Welles who produced *Macbeth* with an entire cast of negroes, but that is hardly the same thing. (I forget what his big idea was, if I ever knew. Perhaps he felt there was not enough superstition and witchcraft in the play.) How often do you see a good production of *Macbeth* at Gourock or Oban—or, for that matter, at Glamis or Dunsinane? It is played at Lochaber no more, simply because no Scots audience gets a kick out of hearing anyone say "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon." What they want to hear is "Auld Cloutie damn ye black, ye baws'nt stamrel." "Baws'nt," I am told, means "having a white stripe down the face." And well it may.

I should think the B.B.C. might be interested in a Scots version. Things have to be adapted so much to fit them for radio, a few extra changes are neither here nor there; and if you are rewriting a play anyhow you might as well rewrite it in Scots as in English. Whoever does the job must

remember to keep the dialects good and mixed, to satisfy all parts of Scotland and offend none. I am just the man to mix them, for all Scots is Scots to me, whether Skye or Fife, Burns or Lauder. As a matter of fact I have been tinkering and toying with the job already, with some quite satisfactory results. For example, in Act I, Scene ii, Duncan no longer asks "What bloody man is that?" He says "Whit bluidy felly's yon?" The adjective so dear to Englishmen and Australians is not lost, but a Scots audience is gained. Instead of saying "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" *Macbeth* says "Losh, here's a joteleg or skian dhu, free o' chairge. I'll juist poacket it. Waste not, want not." Instead of Duncan being in his grave and sleeping well, it's "Whisht, mon, Duncan's paid the piper. After life's clishmaclaver he's stawn deef." Instead of an owl screaming, a howlet skirls. *Macbeth* no longer says "This is a sorry sight" about his red hands. He says "Here's a gronsome sicht."

Most of the names can stand, but I am thinking of changing Fleance to Wully or Hamish. Did you ever meet a Scot called Fleance? Neither did I, though I spent a whole summer on and off the coasts of Scotland. . . . This is called research work, and very expensive it is.

In the most famous speech in the play a special effort must be made to overcome familiarity, and I think I have done this—made the special effort, I mean, if not succeeded:

Seyton. The auld leddy's deid, Mister. *Macbeth*. Aweel. We maun all gae that gate.

Thursrday, Frriday, Sa'urday . . . that's the pliskie, y'unnerstan'. Man, it's fair sinfu' the way we use the days up.

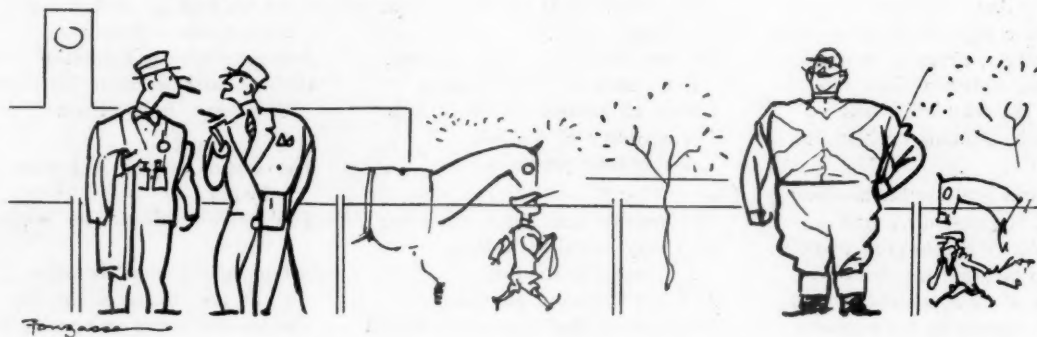
And the way people keep deein'! Ye'd think they'd never learn. Douse the glimmer, Seyton. Nae sense burnin' it the noo.

Whit's life? A lot o' silly play-actin'; Ye feel cheated when it's too short and weary when it's too long . . . Yon's ca'ed a nasty dilemma, Seyton . . .

Write that doon in ye'r wee buik. Life's naething but a pack o' noansense Told by a doited gomeril. I don't credit a wurd o' it.

There are two things I must remember. One is to work in the word "baudrons," which not only means that witchlike animal, a cat, but also rhymes beautifully with "caudrons." The other is to say "We've scotched the snake," instead of "We've scotched the snake." Scots people don't like the word "Scotch."

Well, it is surprising the way the play springs to life, is it not? The credit, let me hasten to add, is mainly Shakespeare's and Holinshed's. All I have done is to break down a few prejudices and possibly a few readers. But with a little co-operation from the Scots—and possibly the B.B.C.—what can we not perform upon the ungarded Duncan?

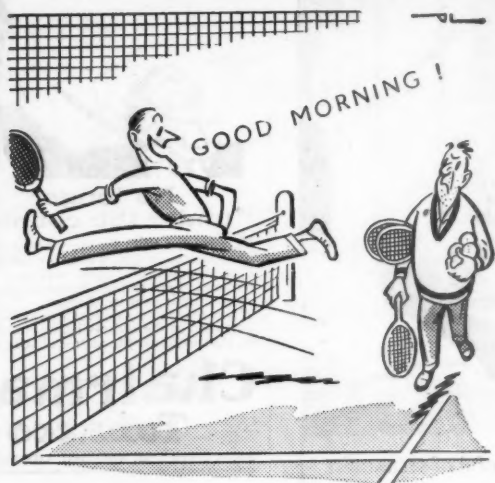


"I suppose we CAN'T have misread that clause about reinstatement?"

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette

Fred's in Wimbledon form—all his drives shave the net—as cleanly and close as his shaves with Gillette!

Blue Gillette blades 3d each including Purchase Tax.

The best in a day's walk

Tudor Cottages, Chiddingstone, Kent

NUGGET

BOOT POLISH

IN BLACK, BROWN
& DARK BROWN

Supreme for Quality

Burlington Lane, London, W.A.



By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers
to H.M. The King,
McVitie & Price Ltd.

REPUTATION

All McVitie & Price's Biscuits have one characteristic in common. That characteristic is the never-changing quality which is the foundation of the nation-wide reputation of

McVITIE & PRICE'S BISCUITS

Obtainable Everywhere

Made at

McVITIE & PRICE'S MODERN FACTORIES AT
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

A FRACTION OF AN INCH—



— makes Goodyear Tyres Silent

Goodyear's All-Weather Tread with its familiar diamonds is well known for non-skid safety.

But those diamonds have another secret, also of importance to motorists. They are staggered so that no two of the same size ever follow each other. Volume of sound doesn't build up and the

whistling of air through the grooves is broken. Tyre-noise is cut down without lessening your safety.

Goodyear Research is constantly seeking such ways as this to improve tyres. That is how Goodyear achieved their leadership in the rubber industry and how they have maintained it ever since.

GOODYEAR

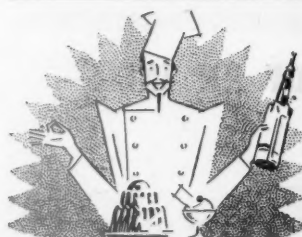
LEADERSHIP THROUGH RESEARCH

LODGE

THE
**ACE
OF
PLUGS**



FOR ALL CARS



ANGOSTURA
aromatic bitters
makes
Austerity

**JELLIES, ICES AND
PUDDINGS MUCH
MORE EXCITING**

If your usual Wine Merchant is unable to supply you, you are invited to send his name and address to Angostura Bitters (London) Ltd., 83 Cannon Street, E.C.4.

Red Hackle

Scotland's best Whisky
HEPBURN & ROSS Glasgow

Dentures

like

new



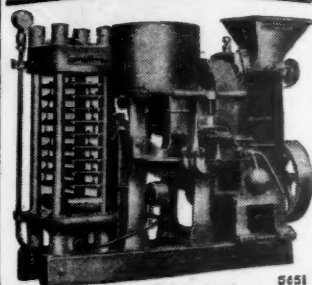
A tumbler full of warm water. A capful of STERADENT well stirred up. While you sleep STERADENT gets to work. This cleansing solution removes film and stains. STERADENT sterilises your false teeth by its harmless, active energy. In the morning, rinse thoroughly, preferably under a tap.

Steradent

FOR ALL DENTURES, INCLUDING THE NEW ACRYLIC RESINS
STERADENT LIMITED, HULL & LONDON

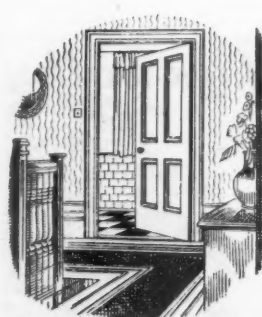
Self-contained

OIL MILLS
FOR FARMERS AND
SMALL OIL MILLERS



"Imperial" Oil Mills are designed for farmers and small mills situated up-country. No part of the equipment is of excessive weight and no foundations are necessary. Driven from any source of power or by horse or bullock. In two sizes, capacities 4-6 or 12 tons per week of 132 hours.

GREENWOOD & BATLEY LTD
LEEDS • ENGLAND



The room that
housewives are so
particular about

Nowadays, five out of ten women choose a lavatory cleanser made specially for the purpose. (In America, this figure is even higher.) The reason is that it cleans and disinfects the whole pan. Harpic not only whitens the bowl (the part you can see) but also sweeps round the S-bend at the back, where no brush can reach. Harpic kills germs, leaves the whole pan clean and sanitary.

Sprinkle Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole pan is then sweet and clean—the part you don't see, as well!



HARPIC

THE SPECIAL LAVATORY CLEANSER
Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull and London




No longer
"under the counter"

Here is good news for every connoisseur of fine tobacco. Supplies of Chairman are now becoming plentiful again and you should no longer have trouble in obtaining all you require from your usual shops. If there is still any difficulty however send a post card to the address below and we shall be glad to adjust the matter of supplies.

**Chairman
Tobacco**

Sales Office: 24, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1

C.85



Valstar
"777" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY AND
DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE VALSTAR "777" RAINCOAT—SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED.

VALSTAR LTD., SALFORD 6, LANCs.
Also at 314 Regent Street, London, W.1

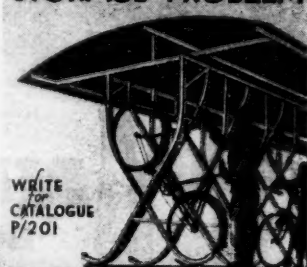
If HEADACHE
is the trouble — take

Cephos



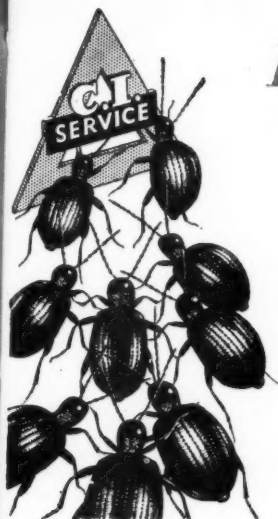
SOLD EVERYWHERE, 1/3 & 3/- inc. Pur. Tax

The SOLUTION
OF THE CYCLE
STORAGE PROBLEM



WRITE
FOR
CATALOGUE
P/201

CONSTRUCTORS
CYCLE PARKS
CONSTRUCTORS LIMITED
ERDINGTON BIRMINGHAM



Proof against the Beetle swarm

A few beetles on your premises are viewed with mild concern: but soon you are faced with the problem of a swarm — with neither tools nor the experience to cope with it... obviously a case for the C.I. Service. If you occupy large houses, or premises that are centrally heated, used for large-scale cooking, or for storing food

or goods, you are a potential victim of beetle, cockroach, or steam fly infestation. Write at once and ask a surveyor to call and advise you.

Preparations are not for sale

Main Depots at BELFAST, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, CARDIFF, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, GUILD-
FORD, LEEDS, LETCHWORTH, LIVERPOOL, LONDON, MANCHESTER, NEWCASTLE, NOTTINGHAM, SALISBURY, SHEFFIELD, and subsidiary branches throughout Great Britain.

**C.I.
SERVICE**

Destroys Cockroaches' Beetles' Steam Flies' etc.

CHELSEA INSECTICIDES LTD., 125 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

Phone: ABBey 7650

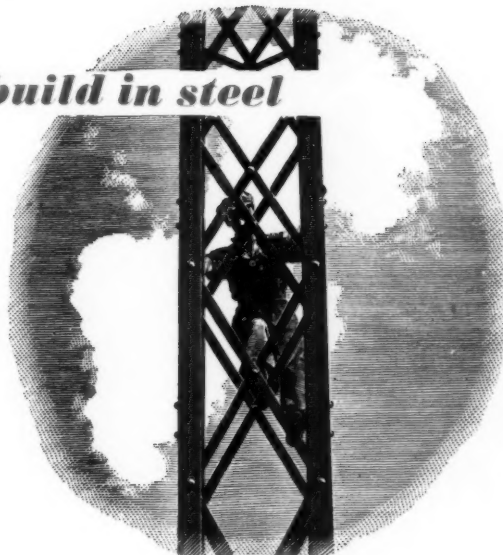
MADE BY COVENTRY CLIMAX

The Coventry Diesel engine, illustrated above, is the result of careful evolution, and is available for stationary purposes or for transport applications. It is light, compact and has many valuable features.

COVENTRY DIESEL ENGINES LTD., COVENTRY

COVENTRY DIESEL

We build in steel



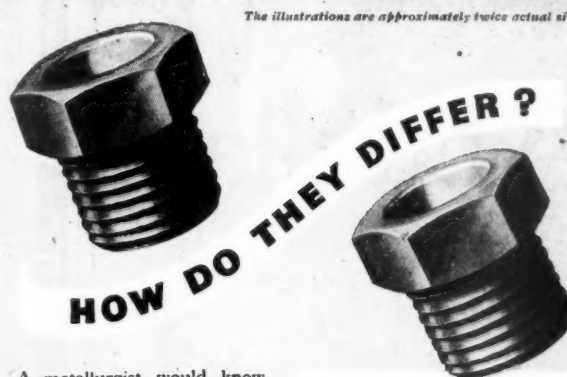
To make sure that things are done at the right time, at the right place, and in the right order is the basis of all good building. Call it planning if you will; we engineers think of it as plain common sense.

**BANISTER
WALTON & CO.
LTD.**

STRUCTURAL STEEL

RIVETED ★ WELDED

LONDON: 82 Victoria Street, S.W.1. MANCHESTER: Trafford Park. BIRMINGHAM: 192 Broad St.



The illustrations are approximately twice actual size

HOW DO THEY DIFFER?

A metallurgist would know that the left-hand bush was made from ordinary free-cutting steel, while the right-hand one was of Mills Ledloy steel. And a good production manager could tell you the Ledloy bush was machined much faster than its companion. In Mills Ledloy steels there is out a small amount of lead, added by a special process. Yet it makes a revolutionary change in tool life and cutting speeds—one glance at the production figures, and you'll soon see the difference.

LEDLOY is the name given to steels into which a small percentage of lead has been introduced by a special process. All steels (carbon, alloy and stainless) can be so treated during their manufacture.

EXORS OF JAMES MILLS, LTD., Woodley, Nr. Stockport

A page from the Mills Ledloy case-book

THREADED BUSH

401 A/F Hex. Steel

ORDINARY Freecutting Steel

Cutting Speed 150 ft./min.

Production Time 42 secs.

MILLS LEDLOY Freecutting Steel

Cutting Speed 245 ft./min.

Production Time 27.5 secs.

INCREASED RATE OF PRODUCTION 53%



Abdullas *for choice*

The most popular brands are:

"VIRGINIA" No. 7

TURKISH No. 11

"EGYPTIAN" No. 16



DUNLOP TYRES

do their duty

6H/103